February 1918

THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

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In this Number

Rudyard Kipling

..

"Sally Lou Wakes Up"

A Serial by

Kathleen Norris

..

James Lane Allen

..

George Madden Martin

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I am the EVEREADY Army Daylo

The light that says: *"There it is!"*

Darkness is danger everywhere—but in the war zone it's *danger intensified.* Behind the battle lines in France, in the dugout dressing station,

in the base hospital, aboard the swiftly moving ambulance van, the portable electric lamp has become an indispensable protector and servant—so much so that the American Ever Ready Works have developed the Army DAYLO, a light of exceptionally wide utility equipped with the Eveready TUNGSTEN Battery, notable for its dependability, long life and economy and obtainable in the correct size for this lamp almost anywhere in this country or abroad.

I can be worn like this

The Army DAYLO is fitted with a hinged belt clip, so that it may either be clipped securely on the belt, or hung firmly on the button of the regular service coat, a feature of extreme convenience when it is required that *both* hands be left entirely free.

—or carried like this

The user may also carry the light in one hand or suspend it from a peg on the wall. And the broad metal base also permits standing the light on a table or any flat surface.

—or folded like this

The hinged belt clip is never in the way but folds back as shown in the illustration, reducing the whole to a compact unit that may be placed in the kit, pocket or blanket roll.

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THE
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Lessons of the War

SOME months ago I had occasion to send a message to school officers urging them to increase materially the time and attention devoted to instruction bearing directly on the problems of community and national life. I called attention then to the fact that this was not a plea for a temporary enlargement of the school programme appropriate merely to the period of the war, but a plea for the realization in public education of the new emphasis which the war has given to the ideals of democracy and to the broader conceptions of national life.

The American Red Cross devotes itself to the extension of our ideals and the spirit of humanity. Nowhere can its cause be exerted to better advantage than in the schools, and I have already approved the widespread plan which brings young people into junior membership.

I am told that the articles from THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE, which in spirit explain and extend these interests, are being used as reading lessons in thousands of schools, and that the coming numbers of the magazine will contain articles especially designed for this patriotic purpose. This plan is excellent, and I look forward to a willing coöperation among school officers to carry out the idea to the fullest extent.

Woodrow Wilson

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POLICE BOATS

Flying the five-barred flag of the republic. These boats are of great aid when the rivers burst the dykes and flood the land

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Fighting Floods in China

Nearly a million people driven from their homes without shelter and without food for the winter. Plans for preventing such disaster in the future

By Edgar Pierce Allen

FIFTEEN thousand square miles of land under an average of four feet of water, nearly a million of people destitute or threatened with destitution, a large proportion of whom have fled to the cities for refuge and more of whom may be expected to do so as the rigors of the North China winter and the exhaustion of their own supplies of food begin to press upon them. Such is the tale of the flood in the southern part of the Chinese province of Chihli.

The Chinese people in a long fight lasting many years against floods have been unable to control the hostile forces of nature, and indeed have done but little in the matter of prevention. The only capacity in relation to these hostile forces of nature, which in their long experience of subjection they have acquired, is a capacity for uncomplaining acceptance, not only for themselves, but also, alas, for their neighbors. One is forced at first to admire the stoicism and the docility of the crowd, the actual cheerfulness of the individual. Neither manly curse nor woman's wail is heard, every unexpected wetting raises a laugh. In the first day or so of the flood in the foreign settlements at Tientsin, before the innumerable craft that soon navigated the streets had made their appearance, from bath-tub through improvised rafts to sampans and junks, a corpulent Chinaman might be seen wading in water to his middle down the centre of the road, with all the dignity of a Lord Mayor leading his procession. Where else than in China would a cook continue to prepare meals for his masters in a detached kitchen, flooded only not so high as to reach the hearth of the cooking stove, moving about on a platform of planks laid on stools, and serving the dishes through the kitchen window, reached by another plank-bridge from the back steps?

Not since the fabled days of the Great Yu, the Compeller of Waters, has any serious effort been made in China to remove the causes of flood. Rather has everything been done, from de-forestation downward, to increase the danger. The Chinese method of flood control is the tinkering method of dyking and more dyking until the silted bed of the stream in the alluvial plains on the seaward side of North China are above the level of the land, and the breaking of a dyke means the emptying of the stream. The absence of central and organized control leaves it possible for local officials and even the people of threatened districts to anticipate nature by breaking dykes to save themselves by letting out the threatening waters upon their neighbors, as well as to refuse to open sluices that might relieve threatened districts because the opening may cause damage to their own crops, encroaching, in some places, upon the dry beds of disused water courses.

The floods have been caused by heavy rains in western Chihli and in Shansi, the next province to the west of Chihli, at the sources of the numerous rivers which, after successive combinations finally deliver all their waters to the one main outlet of the Haiho, as the short stretch is called between the confluences at Tientsin and the sea, twenty-nine miles away from Tientsin as the crow flies but some fifty-five as the river winds. In time of stress this one poor outlet, itself requiring constant dredging to maintain Tientsin as a port, cannot do the work that is thrust upon it; neither for that matter can the tributary rivers above it hold safely all the waters poured into them by innumerable lesser streams with their sources in the mountains to the west. The low country west of Tientsin is flooded periodically. The village people keep boats, their villages are built on mounds; when they cannot plant, they fish. Tientsin itself has not been flooded since 1893. The interval has been long enough to make men lose their caution. The walled city of Tientsin—there are no walls now, but broad boulevards, the razing of the

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walls having been one of the punitive measures following the Boxer uprising in 1900—lies in the angle of the Grand Canal and the Haiho. Its suburbs stretch for miles on both sides of both these streams, and of the Peiho on the north, and the foreign settlements lie to the south on both sides of the Haiho. Narrow strips along the banks of the streams are above the present flood level, fortunately sufficiently wide at the site of the walled city to include the whole of that site.

GREAT MUD WALLS PROTECT TIENTSIN

In 1900 the city of Tientsin and the foreign settlements, with their million of inhabitants were partially if not completely protected from local inundation by a mud wall forming an enceinte some twenty miles in circumference. One never used to hear of this mud-wall as a defence against flood. It is said to have been built by the Mongol General San Ko Lin Sun—"Sam Collinson" of the British Tommies of 1860—as a defence of Tientsin against British and French attack. After 1860 it fell into decay or was partially razed, but it was restored in 1880 when there was talk of war with Russia over the latter's encroachments in Eastern Turkestan. But the value of the mud wall as a defence against flood, if supplemented by adequate banking of the rivers within its enceinte, should have been obvious to all who knew the flood history of Tientsin and were responsible for its protection. Immunity from flood since 1893 led officials and people to forget its other than military uses and to employ its earth, always a valuable commodity where land has to be raised to be habitable, for other more immediately remunerative purposes. The foreign concession municipalities participated in the forgetting, though of course not in the public and private graft of the Chinese, and entirely removed or reduced the height of the wall where it passed through the districts of their jurisdiction. On October the fifth, 1917, the voters of the British Concession and Municipal Extension in meeting assembled authorized their councils to construct a dyke around the British Concession and the Municipal Extension at a cost of approximately 50,000 dollars of American currency. The French and Japanese Concessions lying successively north of the British are taking similar steps. The Chinese authorities controlling the ex-German Concession have called a meeting of land-holders for the same purpose of constructing a dyke.

It is estimated by competent engineering authority that the restoration of the old mud-wall in its entirety together with the improvement of the banking of the rivers within the city limits and the necessary pumping installations will cost about 1,000,000 dollars, and short of the presently not-to-be-expected control of the flood-causing rivers, that work is the only means of preserving the million inhabitants of Tientsin from a recurrence of the evils they are now suffering from. The population of the plains cannot be surely and permanently protected save by works which would cost far more than the present available resources of the Government can provide. The control of the Yung Ting or Hun River alone would cost some 40,000,000 dollars.

PROVIDING RELIEF FOR THE SUFFERERS

The number of refugees at time of writing well cared for in Tientsin is estimated at some 60,000 in refugee camps and an equal number in the houses and huts of relatives and friends. Other cities have doubtless received other large numbers. Many villagers remain in the country on the dry land nearest to their villages or in country towns, hoping the waters will fall before the frost and allow them to go back to their homes. Disappointment in this hope may drive all these to the cities also. Those whose village mounds are above flood level have not stirred, of these are probably the large majority of the inhabitants of the flooded districts save in so far as some of the able-bodied have gone abroad to seek means of earning a living for themselves and their families at home. No one is yet able to estimate the amount of relief even these villagers may require to see them safely through the winter and spring. Where the flood waters do disappear in time for the planting of winter wheat the flood will not have been without its good, for it will be followed by a bumper spring crop. The water soaked land will make the farmers independent of spring rains, always a doubtful quantity in North China. Unfortunately there are many districts where it is now feared that the water will remain for months and even years, and if it be years the only remedy for the inhabitants of such districts will be wholesale emigration to the untilled lands of Manchuria and Mongolia,

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BOATS OF A RED CROSS FLOOD RELIEF COMMISSION

The Chinese authorities and the Chinese Red Cross did all in their power for the victims of the 1917 floods, aided by the American Red Cross and the Young Men's Christian Association

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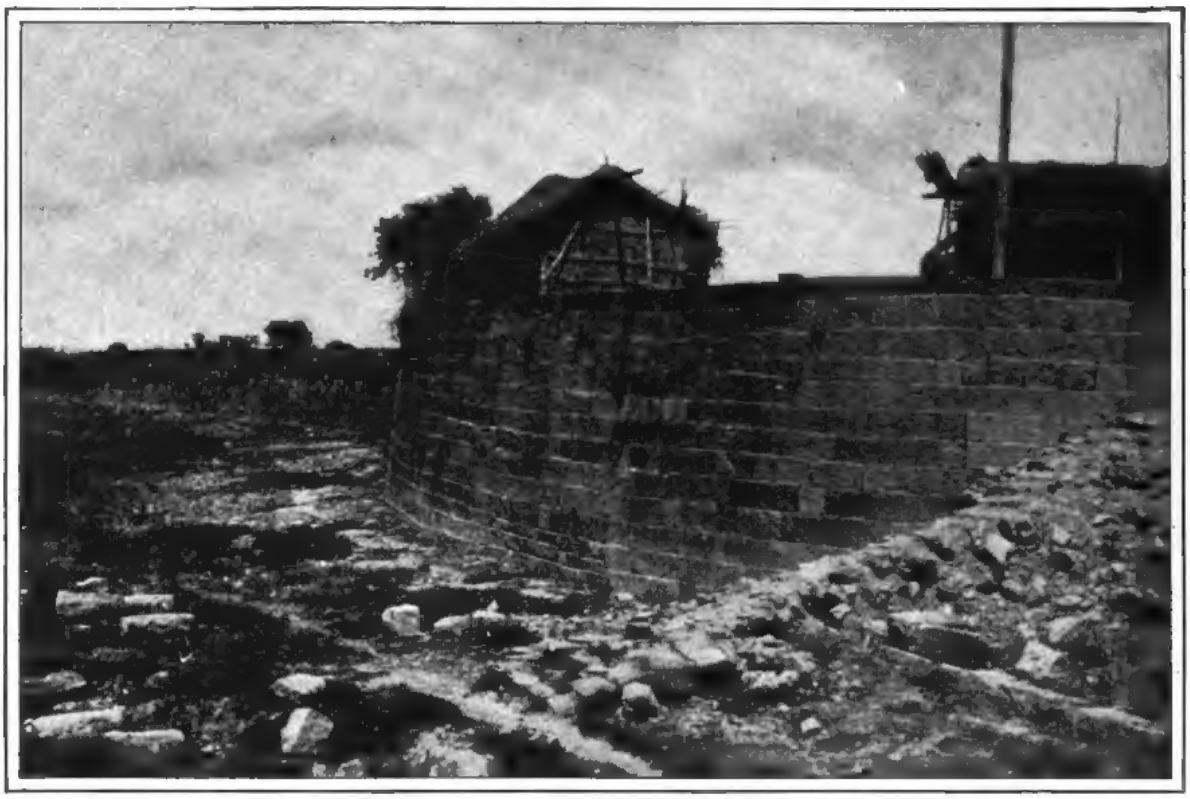

A BULWARK AGAINST THE WATERS

The City of Tientsin was protected by a wall of twenty miles in circumference; but during a long period of immunity from flood, a great deal of the wall was removed for other purposes

a difficult and costly work for the Government to undertake.

Speaking for the Tientsin district alone—information about other districts is slow to come in—the Chinese authorities, the Chinese Red Cross, and private relief committees have done all that has been immediately necessary to provide food and temporary mat-shed shelter for the destitute 60,000 so far thrown upon the charity of Tientsin. Private subscriptions have been received from the Chinese of Shanghai and other wealthy centres but the amounts thus realized will not go far toward meeting the demands of the next six months. The Central Government has negotiated an emergency loan from foreign banks, and there is talk of further domestic loans not only for flood relief but also for flood prevention. Local foreign assistance in times of disaster in China has always been most generous, and naturally enough one of the first things the Chinese authorities did in Tientsin and Pekin was to send a subscription list to all the foreign firms, but local foreigners are not now so well able to assist with money as they were before the Great War made so many calls upon them. On the other hand among the most active contributors to actual relief work is an association of the Christian Missions and the Young Men's Christian Association of Tientsin and their Chinese members and sympathizers, known as the Tientsin Christian Union Relief Committee, whose labors in sanitation, medical relief and preparation and distribution of supplies will some day form interesting reading to those whose hearts have been moved by the present distress of Tientsin and the country about it. With this Committee the Christian Societies of Pekin are also in some sort joining forces, and the American Red Cross has made a generous appropriation and the organization of a strong committee to see to its economical and effective application.

The immediate need is for winter quarters for those now housed in mat-sheds and those still to come in from the country. The cost of one room in a row of huts, sufficient for the average family of five will not be more than nine dollars, built chiefly of reeds or sorghum stalks daubed with mud. And this cost will include the "K'ang" (the bed and stove in

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ALONG THE GRAND CANAL

The Chinese method of flood control is the tinkering method of dyking and more dyking until the silted beds of the streams are above the level of the land and the breaking of a dyke means the emptying of a stream

INUNDATED TIENTSIN

There are many flooded districts in China where the water may remain for months and even years and the only remedy for the natives will be wholesale emigration

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one) kept warm with a minimum of fuel, and absolutely necessary in the cold winter of North China.

Warm clothing, cotton-wadded, will also be required for each refugee. To this need the American ladies forming the volunteer workers for the Red Cross in Tientsin and Pekin are giving their especial attention, but their work with Chinese refugee sewing women can fill only a small part of the demand.

TEN CENTS A DAY FEEDS A STARVING REFUGEE

It is estimated that each refugee can be fed at a cost of ten cents a day, but nevertheless the feeding of the refugees is the most serious problem, for even at ten cents a day, the 60,000 refugees already dependent on charity in Tientsin will require 6,000 dollars per day, and their need may last six months, or more, while there are other untold thousands not here taken into account.

The sum of the whole matter is that a tremendous work is to be done requiring large sums of money. The Chinese Government has not the resources to do the work unaided. Private Chinese capital is largely apathetic. All that American charity can spare for far-away China in this strange time when all the world is making calls upon American charity will be needed, and through the agencies now at work will be rightly expended, and the general suffering will be somewhat relieved.

REFUGEES

To control the Yung Ting or Hun River alone would cost about 40,000 000 dollars, and in addition the population of the plains cannot be permanently protected save by works which would cost far more than the total available resources of the Chinese Government

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OF THE many surprises which the war has produced, none has aroused greater interest than the Russian Battalion of Death, a corps composed entirely of women who consecrated their lives so that their country might live and marched cheerfully to the battlefields to repulse the invader.

The Heroines of Free Russia

By Leo Pasvolsky

(Editor of the *Russkoye Slovo*, a Russian New York Daily Newspaper)

THERE is a little Russian poem, written by an obscure writer, but expressing excellently the spirit of Russian womanhood; its aspirations and its achievements. The last two verses of this poem are as follows:

And when peaceful lived we, and when war's grim horrors
Spilled the blood around us, blood that bathed our swords,
On the field of battle, 'midst its deaf'ning thunder
Ever did you whisper love's consoling words.

From the darkness ever to the light outreaching,
Truth and goodness served you in life's endless strife.
Now the time has ripened; make way for the woman,
Meet her with full honors at the feast of life!

These lines, written long before the Revolution, were not realized until after the great change that transformed Russia. There were heroines in Russia before that time. Among the militants for the liberation of the Russian people from the bonds of political slavery there were many women. The prisons and the places of exile contained thousands of women, who had risked death and sufferings in the service for the cause of the Russian people. The story of Russia's struggle for liberation is replete with names of women who, in the glory of self-sacrifice, had given their all for the cause that they held sacred and right

Liberated Russia knows how to reward the survivors among these heroines, how to honor

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those who have fallen in the uneven strife. The highest honors possible were accorded to these heroines, returning from imprisonment or from exile. They are, indeed, met with "full honors at the feast of life." There is no question in Russia as to whether the woman will have the right of vote. She has earned it no less than the man of Russia by her silent sufferings for generations, by her martyrdom in the cause of freedom.

And the liberated women of Russia know how to respond to these honors accorded to them. The glory of self-sacrifice in the difficult struggle with the old foe of the people is now something of the past, for that foe has already been swept out of the life of the country by the tempest that has just passed by. But still there remains another foe of the Russian people, just as relentless, and much more powerful. In a struggle against this foe the Russian people now stands arrayed, and the place of the women of Russia, free and equal with the men, is by the side of those men who through the din of war are defending the honor and the very existence of their Russia. The women's 'Battalion of Death" is the result.

The first of these battalions left for the Russian front in the early part of July, just before the beginning of the Russian rout in Galicia. It was organized in the early days of the post-revolutionary time by Maria Bochkareva This leader of the Russian Amazons is a peasant woman, the wife of a soldier now in the firing line She had followed her husband to war, had lived and fought in the trenches. She was wounded six times in the course of several battles, in which she had taken part, and was awarded several times the soldiers' decoration for bravery, the Cross of St. George. Because of her bravery, too she was made a non-commissioned officer in the army.

After the Revolution Maria Bochkareva began to gather her "Battalion of Death." The watchword around which the volunteers of her legion gathered was: "Death for the freedom and the honor of Russia." With this watchword they began their organization, and upon this watchword is based the discipline that holds them together. There is an iron discipline in the legion, but it is also a democratic discipline. There are no differences for anybody. Women of all stations in life have joined Maria Bochkareva's legion. There are peasant women, soldiers' widows, the daughters of generals and of rich men, college and university students who consider it now just as dignified for a woman to don a soldier's uniform as to wear the insignia of a Red Cross nurse.

The life of the battalion at Petrograd, before it left for the front, was a simple and a sternly disciplined one. They would arise at five o'clock and drill all day long, until nine o'clock at night, with but short periods of rest. Their mess was the simple fare that soldiers ordinarily have. They slept on bare boards in their barracks, seven hours being allowed for sleep.

Only once, while the battalion was drilling at Petrograd, was there an attempt to break the iron discipline, which Maria Bochkareva had succeeded in establishing. Two representatives of the Bolsheviki entered the legion as volunteers and then began an anti-war propaganda. But they were immediately dismissed by Mme. Bochkareva, who then gathered her battalion and addressed them as follows: "If any of you does not want to submit to the sternest kind of discipline, if any of you hesitates to go to the front, where we are going soon, please leave us at once. . . . . I want only strong, brave women, who love Russia and are ready to lay down their lives for her."

This is the spirit that animates Maria Bochkareva's "Death Battalion." The battalion left Petrograd for the front after a parade, in which several regiments of the Guards, the Cossack and the Marine divisions took part. The golden flag of the battalion, with a black cross embellished upon it, was placed, during the ceremonies, under the flag of the Union of the Knights of St. George; as though the heroes of the earlier stages of the war were giving their blessing to the heroes of coming battles!

Just before the battalion left Petrograd Maria Bochkareva was promoted to an officer's rank by the then Minister of War, Kerensky. At the head of her legion she left Petrograd and again returned to the battle front, where she had already seen so much suffering, but to which she was again returning in the enthusiasm of one serving truly and unstintingly in a just cause.

Soon after the battalion came to the front the Russian defeats began. The soldiers of the Republic had found traitors and cowards in their ranks. Time and again the desertion, the flight, of small groups of troops, would throw a whole line into confusion, and the

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MESS IN THE FIELD

The life of the battalion is simple and strict At Petrograd before leaving for the front, they rose at five, drilled all day long until nine at night. They slept on bare boards and had the same rations as ordinary soldiers.

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A STURDY SENTINEL

The watchword of the Battalion of Death is "Death for the freedom and the honor of Russia" and upon this is based the discipline that holds them together

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result would be rout for whole divisions of troops. At such a time the "Battalion of Death" reached the front. The fervor and the enthusiasm that marked their departure from Petrograd was already dimmed by the defeats that were accumulating fast. But the women's legion went bravely to its duty. It was a "striking" battalion, and the annals of last summer's fighting register several deeds of valor performed by this small group of fearless women.

Bravely and uncomplainingly these women undergo all the sufferings and privations that fall to the lot of soldiers. High they carry the golden standard with its black cross. For amidst the stories of defeat on the Galician front there occasionally gleamed little stories of fearless bravery on the part of the Battalion, fighting at another part of the Russian front. There was even an instance when the Battalion of Death actually covered the retreat of some of the men troops.

One of the rules of the Battalion is that none of its members may be taken prisoner by the Germans. They know too well what fate awaits the women who are unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the Germans, and they know that death is much easier. So every member of the Battalion carries with her a deadly poison, which she must take whenever she finds that escape from the enemy is impossible.

Similar battalions have been formed in other parts of Russia. While it is impossible to tell how many women have followed the example of Maria Bochkareva and her legion, it is sometimes estimated that there are as many as fifty thousand women in the women battalions in the different parts of Russia. Their number is increasing.

Thus the women of Russia respond to the call of duty for their liberated country, as they understand this duty. They have been doing their part in the work of mercy. Thousands of them have lost their lives and their health in the Red Cross work. But now this seems not enough. Bravely and fearlessly they go to meet the highest duty that falls upon a free citizen of a free country; to give his life for it. Thousands of Russian women are performing nobly this solemn duty of true citizenship.

MODERN AMAZONS

Women of all stations in life have joined the legion. Widows, peasants, rich women, college graduates, all make up the battalion and serve on the same footing

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The Story of the Bandage

Following the trail of the little piece of gauze from the workroom out into the inferno of the trenches

I. Preparing Compresses
by Clarence F. Underwood

II. Shipping Overseas
by R. M. Brinkerhoff

III. On the Battlefield
by J. Paul Verrees

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Painted by Clarence F. Underwood

PREPARING COMPRESSES

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SHIPPING OVERSEAS

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TO OUR TROOPS ABROAD

Painted by R. M. Brinkerhoff

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ON THE BATTLEFIELD

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A Dash to Rouen

By Edward Eyre Hunt

(While at Harvard, Edward Eyre Hunt was one of a brilliant coterie of young authors who early distinguished themselves in the field of literature. Mr. Hunt was in Antwerp during the siege of the city by the Germans and after its capture he served as Commissioner for Antwerp of the Committee for the Relief of Belgium. In 1916 he returned to the United States, where he published his book on Belgium, "War Bread." Mr. Hunt then became affiliated with the Red Cross as Director of Publications. In June, 1916, he returned to Europe and is now serving in France with the Red Cross under Major Murphy. His quick perception, sympathetic nature and keen sense of humor, together with an easy flowing narrative style, give a rare interest to any subject he may touch upon.—THE EDITORS.)

AT THE start of our trip into Normandy and Flanders, we almost ran over a dog. Mr. Brace, acting chauffeur, slewed the heavy Renault on its beam ends and missed the pup by a hair. "Cr—rickey!" he yelled, in immense astonishment. "I missed him. But I think I scraped a few of his hairs off on the front tire. That means good luck, you know. Means we won't hit another dog, or have tire trouble on the whole trip."

"Amen," said the Captain fervently. "Now put on a little more speed, Mr. Brace."

Our heavy French-built automobile, marked with four big red crosses and letters three inches high stating that we were the "Croix-Rouge Américaine" was spinning along through a little village just outside of Paris. A hand waved to us from a baker's shop. "*Tiens! Les Américains!*" a voice said gaily. Down the street a group of children playing at soldiers, stopped, looked, and then quickly stood at attention and saluted. "*Les Américains! Les Américains!*" one of them called shrilly. A priest lifted his black shovel-board hat and gravely bowed.

"The French are the quickest witted people in the world," I said to the Captain. "They have to read two words on our windshield before they reach the key-word '*Américaine*,' but they get it every time. It doesn't make any difference how fast we're going, either. I'll bet you five francs we hear one hundred people say, '*Tiens, tiens! Les Américains!*' inside the next hour, and that they always smile when they say it."

"I take you for five francs," said the Captain. "Mr. Brace, put on a little more speed," he yelled to the chauffeur. "I've got an important bet on."

At the end of an hour he handed me the five francs. "You win," he said. "They're a wonderful people."

A memorandum from the Count de Moreuil, attached to the American Red Cross headquarters in Paris, was the occasion for our trip. The memorandum described a number of Belgian Colonies for Refugee School Children. The number of the colonies had recently been increased, but the number of the refugee children was increasing faster. And since one of the most vital activities of the Red Cross is to act in just such emergencies, the Captain and I were off to visit the Colonies, to see the towns behind the Yser lines from which the children were coming, and then to report.

For hours we rode through a country of long slow hills, fat, arithmetric farms, cyclopean walls and old masonry, straight smooth roads, and dark forests. We passed through village after village built in the black and white Norman style, picturesquely reminiscent of Scandinavia; we skirted Seine fjords—they really were fjords; those declivities and swift, narrow floods—over heights crowned with watch-towers and ruins of ancient abbeys; we dashed through fields where American reapers and binders were at work; along highways clogged at times by British motor-trucks rumbling northward, and crossed innumerable railway tracks, where, for the first time in history, grass grew unchecked between the ties, because of the lack of labor to cut it.

On the outskirts of Rouen we almost ran over a dog. We missed him by a yard. "Didn't I tell you we'd miss him?" yelled Mr. Brace. "You did," admitted the Captain.

In Rouen history seemed to have rolled backward. The city where the English burned

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Joan of Arc seemed almost as British to-day as Birmingham or Manchester. Acres of factory chimneys smoked busily beside the Seine; the river was full of British shipping—coal barges, transports, hospital ships, tramp steamers; and in the crowded city streets were thousands of Tommies in khaki, Scotties in kilts or scandalous "shorts" of the same loud-colored plaid as the kilt, Australians and New Zealanders, natty, public-school bred officers, Sikhs wearing khaki turbans, and scores of V. A. D.'s and other rose-cheeked British women in khaki or blue serge or the white muslin of the Red Cross nurse.

The Norman Conquest had been reversed, and the English had retaken Rouen. It was an impressive and noble example of the complete unity and power of the Allies.

THE KING OF YVETOT

It was night when we arrived at the quaint old town of Yvetot, and a duplicate of the well-known flood which floated Noah's Ark was falling perpendicularly upon it. Our automobile swam down the principal street, narrowly missing a dog which was paddling along in the opposite direction.

"We're on the right road, sir," Mr. Brace remarked to the Captain. "We've just missed another dog!"

"You may stop here, Mr. Brace," said the Captain after a pause. "I want to make inquiries."

"Here, Muhseer!" the Captain called. The Captain's French, it should be remarked, is Doric. One's admiration for the *politesse* of the French people is unbounded when one sees their first reaction to our strange American clacque, bestressed, bevoweled, beconsonanted, with no courteous Corinthian flowers and leaves to adorn the savage nakedness of our speech; for there is never a frown, never a smile of superciliousness or discourtesy on their faces. They listen with perfect courtesy—and then tell us the wrong road.

"Here, Muhseer!" the Captain repeated. "Do you know Muhseer Olbrecht?"

"I am Mr. Olbrecht, sir," said the man in perfect English.

The Captain does not shift verbal gears very swiftly, so he went on in French, "*Mais* Muhseer, where is *un bon hotel ici?* Oh, thunder, I am delighted to see you, Muhseer Olbrecht! We have come from Paris especially to talk with you. *Vous êtes* the *Directeur, n'est-ce pas? Muhseer*, of the School Colonies *Belges?*"

I have nicknamed Mr. Olbrecht the King of Yvetot in no spirit of derision but in a spirit of profound admiration. A gentleman of Malines, Belgium; a prominent lawyer, graduate of the University of Louvain, where he was a pupil of the famous Cardinal Mercier, he has for three years served like a slave in organizing and operating a series of school colonies in France for twenty-five hundred Belgian children from the Yser region. I did not learn these things from him, for he is too modest to mention them; but with a tiny automobile delivery wagon he has gone, winter and summer, from colony to colony, with food, clothing, medicines, and other necessary supplies, loading and unloading them himself, making repairs, drafting reports, and directing the operations of twenty-four scattered colonies in the French Department of the Seine Inferieure, under the Belgian Minister of the Interior, M. Berryer. And more children are coming almost every day.

Early Sunday morning Mr. Olbrecht came to our hotel in his frock coat, his round face wet with perspiration, and marched us up the Rue de la Croix-Rouge to see the first of the "Colonies Scolaires Belges des Enfants de l'Yser," as they are called in French. The children were lodged in an abbey, and were being cared for by Belgian nuns. At the door was a row of shelves covered with tiny wooden shoes, felt slippers, and boots. In the school-rooms and assembly halls, shown us by the white-capped Sisters, were lithographs of King Albert, Queen Elizabeth, Cardinal Mercier protecting Belgium, a rhyme—in English—about Punch and Judy, and an illuminated sign to bring tears to one's eyes, "Wishing you a Merry Christmas!"

There were 110 boys in the Yvetot Colony; clean, well-dressed, intelligent, well-fed, and smiling. Two of them had spent months in a cellar close to the military lines; several had lost father, mother, sisters, or brothers; yet they smiled. The very name of Yvetot makes one want to smile, and I think that even in exile the children were joyful. "To keep and teach the children until the end of the war" is the object of the Colony, not because the Belgians like the institutional care of children, but because there was no other way to keep these children alive and well until the war's end.

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The grave problem of overcrowding and the need of new colonies and active help by the American Red Cross we were to see for ourselves later. From smiling Yvetot we went to an old gray abbey at Caudebec-en-Caux, where Belgian refugee boys paraded out and sang for us "The Star Spangled Banner." The part about "the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air" they very wisely dropped a full octave, and so avoided the unpatriotic squeaks which American school children have to employ in getting over those treacherous bars. But it was amazing and very beautiful to hear them sing, and they sang with a will.

"You have heard of America, then?" we asked.

"Oh yes, mynheer; yes," they answered.

"Who is the President of the United States?"

"Mynheer Weelsoon!"

"You know Georges Varshington?"

"Yes, mynheer; yes, yes!"

"Who was he?"

"The first king of America, mynheer!"

"No!"

"The first *Président*, mynheer; and the *Father* of that distant land."

But it was at the Colony unpoetically called "Malaise" (discomfort), in the old château of Besselievre, that we met with the most poignant experience of our busy day. Down an immense cavern of interarching beech trees, to old stables now used as playrooms, where a swarm of bees was making honey in a hole under the red roof tiles, we went up to the castle where the children were lodged. This, like many others, had been given by the owners for the School Colony. In the tiled hall were oil paintings; wooden benches and tables literally filled the space unoccupied by beds, and a fat old fireless cooker squatted behind the double-doors. On the benches, carefully arranged, were tin wash basins, bars of soap, and tooth brushes.

The fat, affable, ripe-apple Mother Superior of Malaise seemed to invite a pun, and I suggested, in French, that she was much at ease at Malaise.

"*Mais oui*," she said, chuckling. "We are from West Roosebeek, where the fighting is now, and we and these little ones are safe and happy. *Mais oui, monsieur.*" And she laughed as I suppose an apple laughs to itself in an August breeze.

The children were at chapel when we arrived. They filed out two by two, the little boys giving us the Belgian military salute, the little girls courtseying, and walked up to the château. There the little children had their Flemish *boterham*—a thick slice of bread and butter—not dry bread, such as the French children are accustomed to. The bread they ate was almost white and admirably cooked.

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In Paris, while we do not literally eat the bread of tears it is almost as bitter, while in Normandy we ate delicious bread—bread which might almost have come directly from the crowded fields of grain which this granary of France spread before us.

Then after the *boterham*, under an immense shade of beech trees, the boys and girls formed a semi-circle and began to sing. To my amazement—for they were quite small—they sang in English; words we knew, the words a man named Smith wrote almost a century ago in a little, struggling, poverty-stricken, stiff-necked nation of rebellious British Colonials spread along the West Atlantic seaboard. They sang "My Country, 'Tis of Thee!"

Those little orphaned Belgian refugees in a land of exile, separated from their homes by a barrier of artillery and airplanes and ditches and barbed wire and poisoned gas, faced us simply and sang,

My countree, tees of thee,
Sooweet land of libertee,
Of thee I sing.

Tears gushed to my eyes There was a pause of a second or two, then,

Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

They sang the second verse. Then, for they had learned it all, the last verse. I felt then, I feel now, that I had never heard it sung before; that there was no cynicism, no mockery in the words, but only a great prophecy and a consummate hope, as those children sang,

Our Fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light.
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

In the suburbs of Havre we almost ran over a big, mangy Saint Bernard dog.

"Hurrah for the American Red Cross!" chortled Mr. Brace, showing all his teeth in a wide smile. "We simply can't hit a dog if he sits right down in the middle of the road and asks us to run over him."

As we came down the long hills to the harbor we saw golden dirigibles swooping down to anchorage in salt meadows, and far-away specks of airplanes flying Icarus-like against the setting sun. Warships, destroyers, submarines—all the things one cannot describe for fear of the censor—lay in the spacious harbor; there was a continuous procession of large and small craft, inward and outward bound; and late at night I heard the drone of drum-fire at a great distance.

We lodged in a hotel on the Chaussée des États-Unis (road of the United States) named, I believe, since America came into the war.

We called on our Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary at eleven o'clock the next morning. The American Minister lives at number 9, rue Jacques Louer. In Normandy it is the custom to name most of the streets of a city or town after local or national celebrities, and to add the dates of the celebrity's birth and death on the street signs. Now, I know nothing against Monsieur Jacques Louer, and I have forgotten his dates; but imagine living on William Randolph

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Hearst Street, 1868-1993, or on William Jennings Bryan Street, 1852-1999! There are drawbacks to the French custom.

But there are few drawbacks to living at number 9, rue Jacques Louer. Behind the dun wall which encloses the American Legation is a shy little garden where climbing nasturtiums bloom about a fountain, a small grassy lawn, porticoes, and then a big rambling house such as you might come upon in South Carolina or Georgia.

Just as the Captain and I stepped inside, the gate behind us clicked, and in came the Minister from his morning promenade: tall, thin, very gray, looking a bit older than when I last saw him in Belgium, but his face is much smoother and happier and his eyes look far less strained. He was dressed all in gray. He carried a stick.

We climbed the long stairs to the big reception room at the top of the house, where we found Mrs. Whitlock—the same merry busy little woman, incorrigibly domestic—the perfect "balance wheel" for a literary family—who told us all about how she engaged Baron Beyen's cook the moment that important official resigned from the Belgian Cabinet; how her favorite chauffeur and majordomo was ill with peritonitis; how "Miken"—the silky little Pekinese dog I had known in Brussels—had died there; etcetera, etcetera.

"I am going to send you a big bill," she went on.

I expressed great astonishment.

"Because of the notices we have received from our press-clipping bureau since you published your book on Belgium. I think it is only fair to send you the bill. Anyhow, in your next book, don't you dare to mention us!"

"I won't," I promised. "The 'next' book is already written! But I can't promise about the *next*."

"The *next!*" She laughed helplessly. "That's the trouble with literary people. They don't know when to stop."

The Captain had been trying to quiz the Minister about the Belgian School Colonies which we had been visiting, and had received from Mr. Whitlock full confirmation of our judgment that they are admirably run and deserve all the help which the American Red Cross can give; but Mrs. Whitlock's talk about books was too alluring for the diplomat author. Literature surrounds Brand Whitlock like an aura. He is—what few of our countrymen are or pretend to be—a man of genuine culture. One never thinks of him as a man of affairs, but always as a man of letters. He is to-day just what he was twelve years ago, when, half against his will, he consented to run for mayor of Toledo after the death of "Golden Rule" Jones; he is to-day what he was four years ago, when he accepted an appointment as Minister to Belgium, because he thought it would give him the opportunity to write a long considered novel of American life; he is to-day what he was three years ago, when, in the retirement of a château near Brussels, the outbreak of the European War cut that novel short at a chapter describing how they made maple-sugar in the old days in Ohio.

He did not tell me so, but I fancy he is now well along with that weighty novel, and that his memoires, when he is ready to give them to us, will startle us even more than those of Ambassador Gerard.

From time to time Brand Whitlock has had to exchange Pegasus for Bucephalus, but he never has liked his seat.

So we chatted about books, especially about Mr. Whitlock's autobiography, "Forty Years of It," recently published in a remarkable French translation by Madame Henry Carton de Wiart, wife of the Belgian Minister of Justice:—the same Madame Carton de Wiart who was arrested on a political charge by the Germans in Brussels, tried, convicted, and sentenced to a long prison term in Germany, and who was pardoned only on the personal request of the King of Spain. Madame Carton de Wiart made the translation in her prison cell in Berlin. The book as published is entitled, "An American of To-day" and has a new preface in French by Mr. Whitlock.

The Minister finished by telling us of a famous hotel where we should stop for dinner on our way north. "La belle Ernestine," he explained; "where de Maupassant wrote several of his best stories, where Flaubert loved to spend his vacations, where Corot painted, and where all three of them have left charming souvenirs." But the Captain and I did not make the acquaintance of La belle Ernestine: we were too busy to stop at her shrine.

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One day Mrs. Hubbard came to find her *Sally Lou looked at the handsome, resolute face,*
the kindly mouth that had smiled at the world for half a century

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IT TOOK the Great War to bring Sally Lou to a realization of her true self, but her regeneration was complete. Are there any Sally Lous in your town?

Sally Lou Wakes Up

By Kathleen Norris

Author of "Mother," "The Heart of Rachael," etc.

Illustrated by WILLIAM M. BERGER

IT WAS a hot, still morning in early summer when Denny went away. Sally Lou, with Peter's moist little hand tight in hers, was one of the privileged few who might go down to the dock, and actually watch the vessel steam slowly out into the river. What Peter, whose full name was Peter Dennison Vanderventer, Third, thought about it, he did not say. Peter was not quite four, and as he stood, at his mother's side, in the miniature garments of a blue-jacket, with a white navy cap on his blonde hair, he evinced his excitement only by short leaps into the air, and a convulsive gripping of his mother's fingers.

What Sally Lou thought about it all was hardly more definitely expressed. Her manner was quiet, and there was no faltering in her rich, soft little voice when she said good-bye. She was pale, but then all the other women who had gathered here for farewells were pale, too. It was a hot morning. She had said that she would like to look at Denny's stateroom, but this was not allowed. Anyway, she had then said smilingly, it was good to know that he was on such a big, responsible-looking ship.

"Oh, sure—there's nothing to *this!*" Denny had answered, with the nervous assurance of a man facing good-byes. As long as he and Sally Lou could keep up the delusion that everything was "fine" and "fortunate" and "safe as a church" all would be well. What he dreaded was the second when he or she, by a chance word, by an inadvertent tenderness, might tear aside all this pitiful camouflage, and might cry aloud from the bitterness of their souls: "We are young—we love—and the greatest war of all history is tearing us apart!"

This second did not come. Sally Lou met its approach in single-handed conflict again and again, and conquered. Perhaps even Denny would see no fighting more gallant than was the battle between the slender woman in her white gown, with undaunted blue eyes looking up at him from under her flowery hat, and the agony that threatened to overwhelm her.

The minutes passed, and there was a hurried last kiss, and another—and he was gone. Other women fainted and sobbed, but Sally Lou stood firm; she might have parted thus with Denny a thousand times.

As a matter of fact it was their first parting. They had never been separated since that other June day, seven years ago now, when Sally Lou, in a confused dream of roses and kisses and sunshine, and the scent of newly clipped lawns under the old elms at home, had given herself to Denny, for all the rest of her life. And under her composure, under her courage, a veritable storm of resentment was gathering in the heart of Sally Lou.

Resentment, and anger, and humiliation at her own helplessness. She had never been helpless before, she writhed because she was so helpless now. Denny was going away to fight, to suffer, and perhaps to be killed, and she could not hold him back. Money could not keep him, prestige and influence could not keep him, love and tears could not keep him. These had been the unfailing legal tender of Sally Lou's twenty-seven sheltered years, she was shamed and bewildered that they should fail her now. Her temple had fallen about her, and she stood bewildered in the ruins of it.

Denny was an engineer; she had always been proud of that. The country was at war: she knew that, too. And that Denny should have promptly and eagerly offered himself to his country had seemed a dramatic and pleasing thing, when it was done. Sally Lou's pride was rather more satisfied than surprised when his country as promptly signified to Denny

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that his offer of service would be acceptable, it was impossible to think of any country as rejecting Denny. "Our men have always been fighters," was Sally Lou's contented comment. And for two or three weeks that was the end of it.

Then had come an innocent-looking envelope whose typewritten enclosure began with the crisp words: "You will report——"

And that was only three days, only seventy little hours from to-day, when she found herself alone on the dock, getting into the car with little Peter and telling Harris that they would go straight home, please. Harris looked at her sympathetically. He was sixty years old, but not too old to feel a pang of envy for the straight young figure of the master, in its olive drab uniform, and a pang of sorrow for the mistress who must go home alone with the child.

Every one was sorry for Sally Lou. Women on all sides were beginning to be familiar with the sight of olive drab; mothers and wives and sisters were steeling their hearts against the inevitable pang, but Sally Lou's sacrifice had come soon, and she was correspondingly unprepared for the grim reality of parting, and correspondingly pitied.

She was a hard little person to help. She had never needed pity before, and she hated it now. Sally Lou had been bred in a school that teaches a woman that family, money, prestige, youth, and beauty are unassailable assets, and she had all these still. She had been born a Rutherford, she had been guarded and adored and indulged all her life. Europe had poured its beauty at Sally Lou's sixteen year old feet; Newport, New York, Palm Beach, Santa Barbara, all these had welcomed the débutante Sally Lou. Her wedding had been a time of glory and beauty, moving to an enthusiastic chorus that nobody could have been prettier than Sally Lou.

She and Denny had waited a year or two before building their house because they wanted an unusual house. Meanwhile they planned it, and lived in an almost equally delightful rented house. Then they built, on the wooded acre Grandfather Ashe had given them, close to the shore, close to the country club, close to the little summer colony of Belvedere Beach. Sally Lou was a perfect hostess, and she and Denny carried off a crop of tennis and golf and polo and yacht trophies every year. Peter Dennison Vanderventer, Third, presently arrived, and then life seemed to have nothing left to offer Sally Lou.

This for seven happy years, and now—war. Sally Lou resented the war only because it touched her. Otherwise there might have been a thousand wars without a protest from her. Things done by other groups than her own were apt to bore Sally Lou. She had never dreamed that the current of her life could be altered by a war. Her frocks, her luncheon and card parties, her tennis would go on unchecked. The Rutherfords and Vanderventers and Ashes were not so lightly shaken from their groove.

And now, already, in June—Denny was gone! The old serene order was upset, Sally Lou could have borne that. But to have it upset by what she considered an outside influence, without apology or explanation, that was the unbearable thing. She could live without Denny for a term of weeks or months, of course. But she could not live without the old superb conviction that her own will, in deciding those things that touched her own life, was supreme.

They came back across Queensboro Bridge, and down to the greenness and sweetness of Long Island and to the empty, lovely, orderly house. When Peter retired for his nap everything was very, very still. The silent rooms were full of flowers, and on the deep-screened porch that they called the "deck" geraniums and hydrangeas bloomed richly under the striped awnings. Shadows of great trees fell across the lawns that framed the porch, across them Sally Lou could look down at the satiny blue surface of the waters of Belvedere Bay.

About her, the ordered machinery of the house moved smoothly. A maid came noiselessly out to say that luncheon was served. Sally Lou roused herself, and went in. Cool and delicious the four perfect courses were put before her, and she ate. Then she went out to the shadowy porch again.

Chapter II

Silently, slowly, the days went by. And silently and slowly they wrought a change in Sally Lou. She dressed, and ate her meals, and went about in something of the old way, but her heart was sick. She missed Denny, missed him keenly and unexpectedly. His room, his dressing-room, were strangely still. His eager consultations with Harris over his car and his yacht, his quick feet on the porch,

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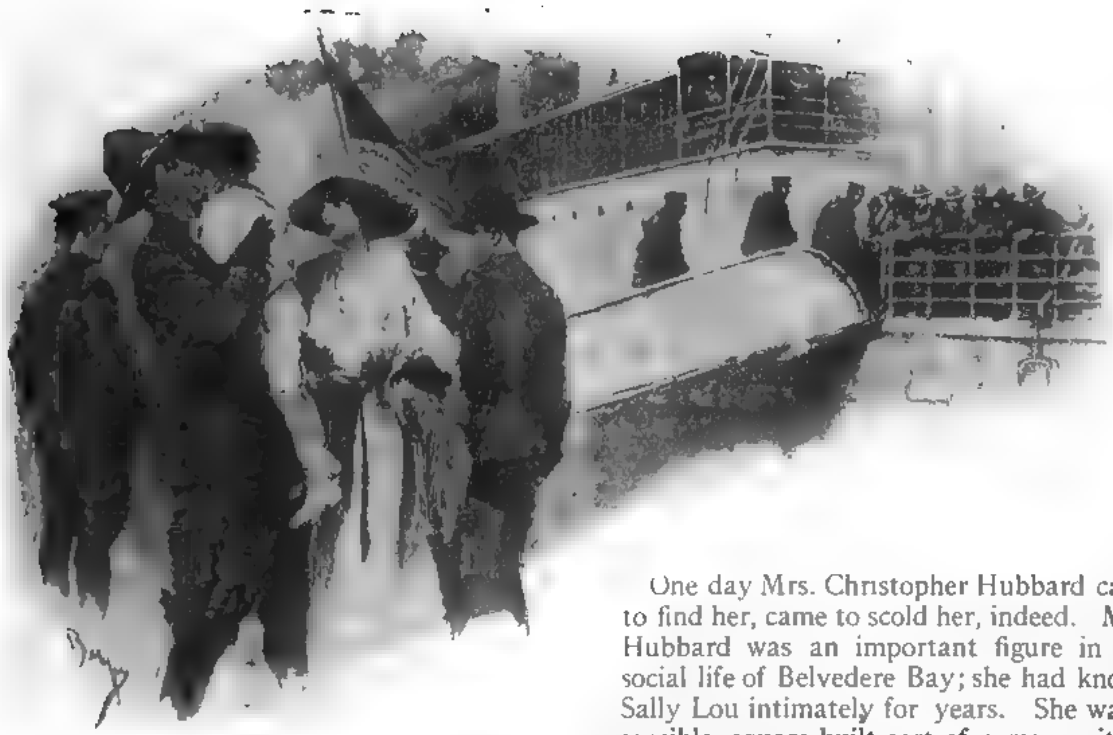

The minutes passed, and there was a hurried last kiss and another—and he was gone. Other women fainted and sobbed, but Sally Lou stood firm

his browned, lean face smiling at her across the dinner-table—how she missed them all!

Her friends asked her to dinners, to Sunday lunches: "We'll have a nice man for you, Sally Lou!" they said. Sally Lou winced away from the phrase. She did not want a "nice man"; she wanted Denny. Or she wanted every other woman widowed like herself, every other woman's life changed as her life was changed.

And so she became somewhat a solitary, somewhat silent herself, and more than a little bitter. She was much with little Peter, and happiest when she could forget everything else in a game or a story for him. Not quite four, he was naturally full of enchantments and beguilings. When he came, in microscopic pajamas, to her door in the summer mornings, to discuss with her the excitement of having a Daddy who was a soldier in a uniform she sometimes found herself laughing again. And sometimes at night when she found that he had crept into her bed, against all orders, and she stooped, lifting the soft, drooping little body, to carry it back to the nursery, she felt as if the sleepy, clinging arms were full of healing for her chilled heart.

One day Mrs. Christopher Hubbard came to find her, came to scold her, indeed. Mrs. Hubbard was an important figure in the social life of Belvedere Bay; she had known Sally Lou intimately for years. She was a sensible, square-built sort of person, with a small English hat mashed down over graying hair, a simple gingham gown that had cost more than her grandmother's wedding-dress, and an air of authority, prosperity, and good-nature.

Sally Lou was in the shady screened porch, alone. Peter was asleep; It was a hot, still morning like the morning ten days before when Denny had gone away. She had been trying to read, in the half-hour before luncheon, but the book was closed now, and Sally Lou was staring dreamily out across the satin-smooth bay. She turned with a smile of real welcome for her visitor.

"Been in swimming?" Ursula Hubbard said, noting with a swift glance Sally Lou's drooping aspect.

"Not to-day!" the younger woman answered indifferently. As her guest sat down she also sank back into a wicker chair, and for a few minutes they talked of the uncomfortable heat of the day, of the promise of rain-clouds on the horizon, and of the tiny item in the paper that morning that assured Sally Lou that Peter's Daddy, in his uniform, had reached France.

"So they made a safe trip!" Mrs. Hubbard said.

"Safe!" Sally Lou echoed, in delicate scorn.

"It is so worrying, while people are actually on the water," Ursula went on, calmly ignoring her. "Now, at all events, they can pre-

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pare and perhaps retaliate. But that fear of attack in the night, in the dark, and with fathoms of water underneath one——! It's desolation."

"It's *all* desolation!" Sally Lou said sombrely.

"It's all desolation, of course." The older woman's tone did not change, but her breast rose on a sudden sharp sigh. Kit and Roscoe Hubbard were at Yaphank. "Well!" she added, after a silence. "I'm not trying to make light of it—God knows."

Sally Lou looked at the handsome, resolute face, the kindly mouth that had smiled at the world for almost half a century, the splendid ringed hand, the smooth hair touched with gray, and her heart suddenly softened.

"It's just the beginning that's so—so flat," she said, rather falteringly.

"Oh, Sally Lou!" Ursula Hubbard said, with averted eyes, and with a sudden trembling in her lips.

And suddenly they were talking of the war, of what they hoped and feared. It had brought good things, and evil things, already. How much more evil it was to bring, how much more good, and whether these waiting women were to have weeks or months or years of anxiety, no one in the whole world knew. They could only speculate—speculate—speculate: the whole grim business was yet so new that they had not sickened, as they were some day to sicken, of speculation.

"Well!" the caller said suddenly, when she had quoted the pessimistic editorial of one newspaper, and Sally Lou had eagerly answered it with the optimistic theory of another, and when Mrs. Hubbard had remembered what that young Canadian officer at Mary's said, and Sally Lou had added the testimony of a man Denny knew who had just come back from France, "Well! I'm here on business. I want you to do something—for the Red Cross."

A delicate little frown contracted Sally Lou's pretty eyebrows, perhaps the hundredth part of an inch, and she shrugged her shoulders restlessly. Her check-book lay open on her desk, and she was always ready, if not willing, to write a check for this popular charity or that, especially if some woman she liked approached her. But to come to her now, when she herself was bereft and aggrieved, and expect her to wrench her attention from her own sorrow, and assume that there were other matters equally urgent and lamentable, was in the form of a subtle insult.

"I belong," she said lifelessly, "I gave Jane Olivier ten dollars a month ago, and at Grace Verlaine's 'Your-Dollar-or-Your-Life' thing, I don't know how many times Denny and I were held up!"

"This is different," Ursula assured her. "That was before the war, we were only playing then. But now we have to make a tremendous—a colossal effort, of course!"

"Why of course?" asked Sally Lou, perversely.

"Because of what the Red Cross stands for," Ursula said patiently. "If you had come to the meeting at Mrs. Potter's last week, you would know that we want to open a Red Cross Tea Garden here."

"Here at Belvedere Bay?" Sally Lou asked, faintly interested.

"Here at Belvedere Bay—and here at your house!" Ursula answered, taking the leap.

Sally Lou smiled a weary smile, shook her head slightly.

"It's been done, somewhere up near Kennebunkport, with tremendous success!" the visitor pursued courageously, "It was done there, all one summer, for—for some hospital, I think—I've forgotten. You drove there, —it was a garden like this, on a bluff above the water, and girls served tea, and there were extra things for sale, like jellies and aprons and crullers—I wish I could remember more about it—and they made tons of money; four thousand dollars in one season! It was open Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays——"

"It must have been good for the garden," Sally Lou observed drily.

"It didn't hurt the garden; the sort of person who goes to such a thing doesn't dance about like an elephant, you know! They had it all systematized, ten or a dozen girls every day, and trays and sandwiches all done in the mornings, and a long table, like a carpenter's table in the summer-house and a gas-stove. The food was all donated—it isn't much, I suppose, and they paid two young girls to wash dishes—but my Myra and Ellen say that they'd save us even that—it would be a great lark for them!"

"And why my garden?" Sally Lou asked. But she knew the answer.

"Because it's so shady, under these old trees, and because it's cool over the water

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and it's large and level and easily found—you see my own is all hilly and too small anyway or I'd offer that!"

"And how much did they make! Four hundred dollars?"

"Four *thousand!*"

"Oh?" Sally Lou was silent for a moment. She had thought that she might say superbly that she would rather give the Red Cross a check for a hundred dollars, and find a few other women to do the same, and so save infinite effort. But she was silenced now.

"We thought you might be able to do it——" Ursula said anxiously.

"I'm sorry," Sally Lou said uneasily "I couldn't think of it. I'm very sorry. But I may go to Mother, in Canada, for August——"

"That wouldn't matter, my dear! We'd promise to——"

"Why not the Persons' garden?"

"Her mother—you know. A nervous invalid!"

"I'd have to give up my entire summer," Sally Lou said slowly.

"Ah, well, we all will do that, one way or another!" the other woman said, half-sadly. "That's what we are all going to learn, I suppose. Things that counted last year won't even be thought of this—it isn't going to be how much we want to do, it's going to be how much we *can* do—and then we may have to do more than that!"

Sally Lou was silent. Despite the distaste she was trying so sternly to indicate by her manner, she had a faint, surprising conviction in her contrary little heart that she would really like to enter into this new scheme. Her days were so empty!—and they could be filled in none of the old familiar ways. To have gay girls and busy matrons flitting about the garden, to use the managerial qualities she had always suspected herself of possessing in this practical way, to be able to write Denny that his idle little wife had mobilized the feminine forces of Belvedere Bay in so novel a fashion—this would be, might be, worth while. But she could not gracefully yield; she had had no schooling in defeat.

"I know," she said indifferently, "but I'm rather tired of all these women who run around chattering about the Red Cross!"

"Oh, well—chatter!" Ursula dismissed it indulgently. "Nothing as big as the Red Cross could be hurt by chatter!"

"I don't see that we're called upon to interfere with this war—we didn't make it." Sally Lou added presently, "The Government decides to go into it, and the Government *ought* to take care of its wounded. If it needs millions and millions of dollars, let the Government tax us for them."

"The Government *is* taxing us, for more necessary things," Mrs. Hubbard offered, mildly.

"Well, I have no patience with it!" Sally Lou said warmly, "Making bandages for men that are still whole and well, and running sewing machines, and tangling up wool——"

"The Red Cross——" Mrs. Hubbard began patiently, but Sally Lou interrupted her. Tears stood in her eyes now, and the usually cool and self-possessed voice was thick and shaken.

"I'll let my husband go to war, because I *must*," she said hotly. "And I'll spend a lonely summer, and give up everything I ever liked to do, and I'll pay three times too much for everything I buy—if that's war. But don't expect me to dance with joy over it. If the country needs nurses and hospitals, the decent thing is to buy them and pay for them——"

"There are things you *can't* buy," Ursula submitted, her troubled eyes fixed steadily upon Sally Lou, her splendid unringed hands clasped about her knees.

"I don't know what they are!" Sally Lou said drily, after a moment's silence.

"We women have always wanted to go to war beside our men," Ursula began. "Well, through the Red Cross we *do* go. We've always wanted to do our share of holding the union together, and what has ever been so universal—and so democratic—and so—so American—as this joining together of villages and cities, and east and west and north and south, in one magnificent effort to heal and cure and console——?"

Tears were in her eyes. But they dried when Sally Lou, giving a sullen and critical glance at a small buckskin shoe said lifelessly:

"Yes—I know—it's fine, of course. But I don't feel as if I wanted to get mixed up with it! War is one thing, and Persis Grant and Katrina Potter running about with becoming white uniforms on, is another! Katrina Potter—what does she know! 'I wouldn't *look* at a man who didn't want to get into this thing!' she said to me, the day after Denny went. 'Wouldn't you rather have him *dead* than dis-

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honored!' Girls with their High School talk—I said, 'Katty, if you had a husband, perhaps you might feel a little less gay!' I hoped she liked it! She's only twenty, of course, but she has two unmarried sisters--and they're all very glib about what they would do if they had husbands and sons!"

Ursula Hubbard laughed.

"When I want a thing done," Sally Lou added, "I don't ask volunteers to do it for me. I go to the place it's done best, and pay for it! And I don't see why the Government can't do the same."

"Sometimes you can't buy medical care, and clean beds, and good nursing, Sally Lou. That's just the free gift of the women of America to their men; no questions asked, no conditions made—just help! Just sympathy and kindness because—because we love them, and want to save them! In anything the Government does, there must be red tape. There must be delays and qualifications, because it's taxpayers' money. But when a thing goes as a gift, it goes straight! And Sally Lou, if you could know of some of the things it does—why, it's almost as miraculous as the loaves and fishes!"

Sally Lou said something quickly and softly, under her breath.

"What did you say?" Ursula asked.

"I said I'd done enough!" said the younger woman.

"Well—well, I suppose you do feel so, poor kiddy!" Ursula conceded. "Only—for your own sake——"

"Oh, I'm all right!" There was a quick resentment of sympathy in Sally Lou's tone. When she spoke again it was of luncheon. Would Ursula stay? Ursula could not stay. But she wanted to come back, at three o'clock, and pick Sally Lou up and carry her off to see the races at the yacht club this afternoon.

It was Sally Lou's turn to decline. She begged off: she was just going to idle with Peter, on the beach, and write a letter to Denny, this afternoon. She didn't—somehow—feel interested in the races.

"Remember," said Ursula, departing, "that if your heart should soften toward the tea-garden scheme, you're to let me know. Somebody suggested Japanese dresses and lanterns and so on, but I thought it would be newer and smarter to have it rather East Indian—I've got all those wonderful things from Peshawar! You won't?" she smiled, as Sally Lou shook a polite but determined head. "Well, if you *won't*—— Good-bye, dearest child. My best love in your letter!"

Chapter III

Sally did not forget to enclose it. She did not know where Denny was, now, but somewhere in France he would be glad to know that his old neighbors had not forgotten him. She told him all the little things that make a letter real; the particular gown she had on, and what Peter had said at luncheon, and that the races were going on while she wrote, even though he was not there in the *Teacup III* to take the first prize this year!

And when the letter was written, she went down to the shore below the garden, where Peter and a small neighbor were splashing and digging accompanied by a nurse. Both children were in bathing-suits; they waved sandy, welcoming hands at her.

Spreading on the sand the thin linen coat she had carried, Sally Lou sat down, and laid her book beside her. It was a burning afternoon, with a bank of soft lavender clouds and the occasional distant mutter of thunder in the west. From the flying station across the little bay hydroplanes were rising for short flights. They cut the smooth water into foaming plumes of white, rose dripping, and mounted like slow and giant dragon-flies into the still blue air. At the end of the little pier Denny's yacht, *Teacup III* rose lightly at anchor. Softly slapping tides, for it was high-water, sent opalescent glimmers of light against the weather-worn piles.

The aircraft, the yacht, even the blue water, reminded her of Denny. Denny was out there beyond the bay and the river-mouth, out beyond the ocean. She imagined him in a vaguely strange environment, writing her a letter, or was he playing bridge now, with the two or three men in the group who were already his friends, or were they at their early supper discussing tirelessly and eagerly this colossal business into which the whole world was plunged?

Even to this quiet strip of beach the chugging airplanes brought the war, even peaceful Belvedere Bay was fired with military zeal. And the city streets were peppered with uniforms, and tossing with flags, and the windows of the shops were filled with suggestions for the comfort of the men who were going or had gone, and over women's pretty, earnest faces

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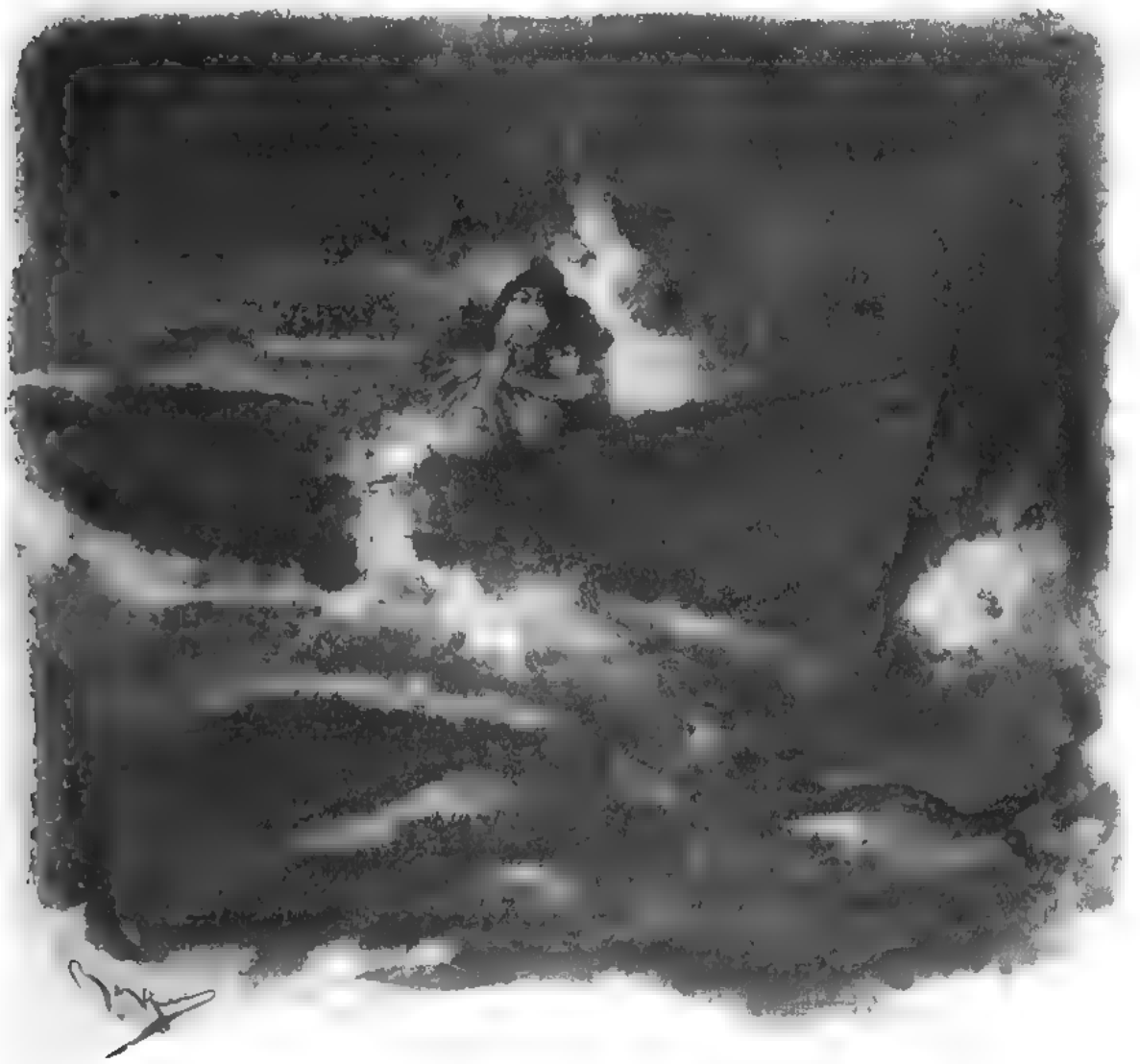
everywhere, like a strange white flower of war, were the pure folds of the linen coif, and the little red insignia of service.

Sally Lou's delicate eyebrows contracted

Her eyes brimmed, and the landscape swam suddenly in a blur of blue. She brushed the tears away, and struggled for self-control. Denny's son, the boy whose coming had



Then a spiral of lightning split the sky and the hideous detonation of thunder crashed close above them. Peter broke into terrified crying and leaped into her arms

again perhaps the hundredth part of an inch, and she sighed wearily. It was all so *tiresome!* Why, she and Denny had sat here in this garden, only a year ago, planning a trip to the Orient, to Hawaii and Japan, and perhaps the Nile. That was all over now; it would be years before any American woman could dream so idle a dream again. To have him safely back, fussing over his golf clubs and scattering ashes on the hearth again, how gladly she would abandon all dreams forever!

meant a new world of joy and care to them both, bare-legged, sturdy, his yellow hair matted into a shining cap over his brown little forehead, held up a writhing horse-shoe crab for her edification. With lashes still wet, she laughed at him, and he came nearer with his treasure. With a quick motion she tossed the crab away, and caught him in her arms. He wriggled away from her kisses, and tore back across the beach. In a few minutes, idly watching, she saw that he and

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the little neighbor and Ida, were deep in a new and fascinating game.

It was a simple game. The yacht's little tender was anchored to the beach by a long rope that was tied to a large rock on the shore, and Ida was enchanting the small boys by paying out the rope on the receding tide, while they sat side by side in the stern, exulting in the brief voyages back and forth.

It was all so innocent and peaceful! Sally Lou remembered later. What could be safer and pleasanter than the home beach, the blue clad nurse, the sunlight and the softly rippling water? Even when Dickie Palmanteer was escorted home by Ida, she and Dickie lingered on beside the bay, Peter begging for extended playtime, Sally Lou unwilling to cross him.

Presently, to gratify his eager whim, she got into the boat beside him, spreading her thin linen coat on the wet seat, and allowing him to draw the little craft to and fro, as Ida had done. Peter was a skipper full of high courage, and his passenger was but indifferent to his loud commands. After a few minutes she realized that she had been too much absorbed in her own thoughts to listen to him; he had put his mouth close to her ear.

"Mother—Mother—we're sailing finely! I've got big sails on this boat, and she's sailing! We're out to the end of the pier, nearly!"

Roused, Sally Lou gave a quick glance at the shore, and at the water about them.

"We *are* going pretty far, Peter!" she said, with gratifying concern. "But you must pull her in, dear—here, give Mother the rope!"

"The rope came off the rock," Peter announced simply.

"Came off?" She quickly caught it from him as her eyes confirmed the statement. The painter was indeed loose and slack in her hand, and the shore already more than a boat's length away. "Why, darling—why, it *has* come off!" she said stupidly. And her next words were half to him and half to herself, "Now what shall Mother do about that?"

There was no concern in her tone. The sun was shining pleasantly down upon them, the peaceful beach was only a hundred yards away, and beyond it was home, and the neighboring gardens and boathouses. Still, with no oars, and with the afternoon so far spent, it was a silly thing to have allowed——

"I'll call some one!" Sally Lou decided, and cupping her hands she shouted from where she sat, "Ida! Harris! *Harris!*"

The echoes rang in the afternoon stillness, and died away, and an utter silence flowed in about her. Somehow Sally Lou was sorry she had shouted so; the failure of the shouting seemed to—to frighten her a little. Harris was not young, and was a trifle deaf. She knew he was moving plants for her this afternoon, between the house and the hedge, quite out of reach of her voice. Rosa, the cook, was probably asleep; Ida had not come back.

The boat did not seem to move, but the safe green shore steadily receded. The bay was strangely empty—suddenly Sally Lou remembered the races. Every yacht and every yachtsman, and every boathand, had gone of course to the races! She must not lose any more time about this——

Watched by the serious Peter, she ascertained that there were no oars in the boat; Harris was not the man to leave anything detachable in the tender. But she did see the painter, and with one quick fling, she hurled it toward the passing pier. It struck the gently heaving float, but there was nothing to stay it there, and with a sudden prick of fear Sally Lou saw it slip to the water.

The tide had turned an hour or two earlier, and was swiftly running out. It had been nearly six o'clock when Ida took Dicky home. There would be almost two hours of daylight left, and in that time surely, Sally Lou told herself, they must meet the returning fleet, or some motor-boat bringing a tired, hot man down from Wall Street.

"But I wish I hadn't been so stupid!" she said, aloud. "You must sit still, dear!" she added.

"Because if we fall in there's nobody to get us out!" Peter reasoned gaily. "If there's a storm—Ida said there was going to be a storm—then we'll go back to the pier!" he went on, confidently.

"I don't *think* we'll have a storm," Sally Lou said bravely. She turned to study the sky. There were rounded clouds piled high against one horizon: it had been a close and humid day.

She began to analyze the exact character of Belvedere Bay. It was a small bay, with the wooded shores of Kingsgrant only half a mile away, across its smooth surface. It opened into larger water, Spanish Harbor, down by a long spit of land called "the Banks"; and Sally Lou vaguely remembered that when one entered Spanish Harbor, there was always

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rough water, and talk of not trying to get out by "the channel." In the races care was always taken to keep away from this channel. And beyond the channel was the great Atlantic.

The row-boat drifted quietly on. Something sinister in its steady movement began to terrify Sally Lou. They were passing the Banks, they would be out in Spanish Bay soon. And she could do nothing. She could swim a little; she could save herself if the boat chanced to run a trifle nearer the shore. But what of Peter, trustful and content in the stern? She knew that she could make no real attempt to save Peter, and she felt a sudden thrill of terror at the thought of them both struggling and plunging in the water. He would tighten wild little arms about her neck, and she would feel desperately for reassuring sand beneath her feet, and find yielding deeps upon deeps of water instead—and in a few minutes it must all be over——

In the warm sunlight a chill shook her. And with it came a certain frantic impatience at her own stupidity.

"This is a silly—silly—silly thing to have done!" she said uneasily, "I don't see what can happen to us, right here so near home, but of course I should have been watching that anchor! If anything happens to Peter——"

The bay narrowed in toward the Banks; but the rowboat perversely kept to the very centre of the water gate. The water was not only deep here, but it was swift, and only an unusually strong swimmer could hope to breast it. The safe dry sand was not far away, but it was too far for Sally Lou. Even alone, she would not have attempted to reach it.

Once in the quick current, they moved rapidly. The boat slipped smoothly through the mouth of the bay, and was swept on, out into the wider water of Spanish Harbor. It showed no inclination to take the familiar course toward the little group of islands that lay northward, but drifted steadily on in a direction almost due south, where Spanish Harbor widened and lost itself in the waters of the Atlantic.

And now came the first hot mutter of thunder. The air was still warm and motionless, but a soft haze had veiled the sinking sun, and there was a fearful and brilliant stillness over land and water. A bird scudded by, close to the satin smoothness of the bay, and on the nearest shore Sally Lou could see the great leaves of the maples and elms turned to show the cottony grayness of their linings. The sky in the east was lead colored, and a swift hot breeze ran like a flag over the surface of the water, and smote it into the aspect of molten metal. Peter's cap of close gold curls clung to his tanned little forehead, and Sally Lou saw the moisture pricking through his temples and the backs of his hands. He was absolutely silent now, eying her with a child's confident curiosity.

She stood up, to sweep the waters with troubled eyes. They were well out into the centre of Spanish Harbor, and there seemed to be no men and no houses on the nearest shores. Far up toward the islands she saw a scudding sail against the ominous sky: the sail gleamed pearl white, and a rift of sick sunlight, mowed down by the rush of the storm, touched the red roofs of Belvedere Bay, and turned the rounded tops of the trees an emerald green.

Then a spiral of lightning split the sky, and the hideous detonation of the thunder crashed close above them. Peter broke into terrified crying, and leaped into her arms. The boat rocked perilously, and in the general uproar of thunder and lightning, wind and water, Sally Lou caught him to her, and held him close, feeling with blind terror and helplessness that the end had come. She had not really prayed since her girlhood. She began to pray now:

"Oh, God—don't let us drown! Oh, God, send somebody to save us—don't let us drown!"

(The concluding instalment of Mrs. Norris's story will appear in the March issue of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE)

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The Martyr Cities

In the path of the invader grim desolation sits astride the gray piles of smoking ruins where once a cheerful, busy people pursued the even tenor of their way in the fullness of peace

I. Dixmude: The Church of St. John.
II. Louvain: The Church of St. Peter.
III. Ypres: The Cloth Hall.
IV. Albert: Cathedral Square.

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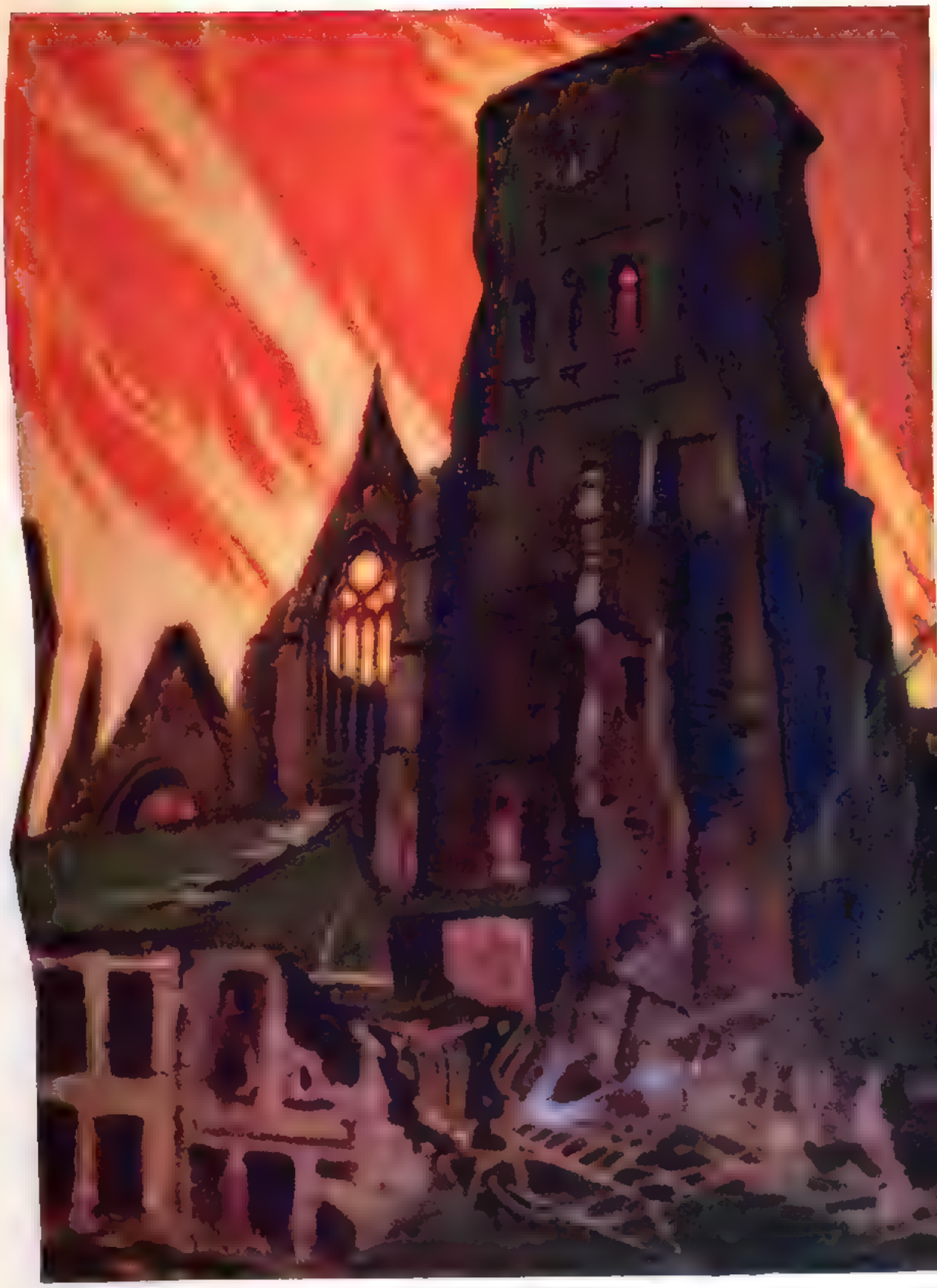

DIXMUDE DESTROYED

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LOUVAIN THE LOST

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THE GLORY THAT WAS YPRES

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ALBERT: THE PATH OF THE INVADER

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The Old Tradition and the New Faith

By James Lane Allen

HISTORIANS of our race have hitherto written their histories as though the life of man on this planet had been unfolded under subjection to some vast mysterious law of the moral universe that nations are born and must die. Upon civilizations they have pronounced the judgment which astronomers have passed upon the stars: that their very light carries within itself the principle of self-extinction and but sheds into space the mournful splendor of an inevitable end. Under this conception of the philosophy of history, the nations of to-day, looking back upon the whole distant past of mankind, wherever vestiges of that past remain, and beholding its widely scattered civilizations brought down to a common ruin, are admonished that they too are swiftly moving toward a predetermined disappearance along the same ancient road; or if they would look forward more hopefully, they are warned that the future will contain but a repetition of the same brief epochs of ascendency and decline, the same definite cycles of strength and weakness—nations endlessly rising and sinking in blind, or in All-seeing, continuance of that majestic havoc which is the destiny of our sublime and pitiful race.

Probably no other single idea has ever more profoundly and more sadly affected human thought than this belief in the transitoriness of the best that man by himself can do and of the strongest that men together can build; this deeply rooted, widely rooted, tradition that man's attainment of his highest marks his doom; that his final social triumph is his final social failure, that nature goads him to self-development as the means of encompassing his downfall and urges him to put forth all his powers to reach a goal that will consummate the catastrophe of his annihilation.

Such a view of the philosophy of history should long ago have proved enough to make man flee from civilization as from a plague, refuse to become civilized as his escape from death. Yet this notion has continued to receive practically universal acceptance down to our own time.

To take but one shining example of this immemorial interpretation, Lord Macaulay, whose genius may be characterized as a marvelously white genius in being so little colored by the works of earlier historians, Lord Macaulay even but as on yesterday wrote the swan song of the British Empire in eloquence that must have saddened the mind of many a thoughtful Englishman of his day—as the remembrance of it may ominously nerve many a one now in this either the mortal or the long victorious hour of England's might.

The founders of the American Republic may have died with the belief that the glorious work of their hands and spirits could not last long; since their day many an intimation has been thrown out that this nation is already rushing to its ruin; even upon innumerable minds in this country at this hour may rest this blight of dread that all they behold shall be doomed to nothingness.

Speculation has been rife of late as to the probable effects of the great world-war upon the literatures, upon the arts, upon the entire thought and spirit of the warring and of the witnessing nations. Whatever those effects and whatever the changes, whatever the new literature, the new painting and all the rest, one result seems certain: that human history will never again be written with acceptance of the ancient error that nations are inherently self-limited and self-destroying. This idea, originated among early and sincere but ignorant thinkers, was lifeless in their hands even when they used it in their otherwise vital work. From them it was transmitted to later writers who were swayed by that reverence for origins which has been one of the most appalling weaknesses of human thought. Thus it grew in strength and in diffusion and thus it has remained to our day. But let it be classed with that assemblage of faint-hearted, world-weary, pessimistic superstitions which mark antiquity as the glacial age of the human mind: from which have drifted down toward modern times, with a slow, grinding, crushing movement, the inert, the bleak, the sterile, the dead.

There is in joyous and ever-triumphant nature no such thing as a law of the life and

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death of civilizations. It is not true that the civilization of any race has ever been the sure precursor of its decay. It is not true that any nation ever perished because it was civilized. It is not true that civilization is a blossom of the human spirit which is bound to fall, that it is fruit which must rot, that it is a projectile which by and by must cease to move. The profoundest separate and comparative study of the ancient civilizations of the globe, as well as of those that fall within the light of modern times, confirms the truth that all perished under the actions of forces outside those civilizations themselves. And each perished in its own way. The civilization upon which the Parthenon looked down did not end as the civilization on which the Sphinx looked down. The history of civilization presents one same struggle against the forces of nature and against the forces of barbarism and against the forces of other predatory civilizations, using the weapons of barbarism. So far as the mere civilizations of ancient Greece and Italy made history, we might to-day set sail and behold the Athens of Pericles and Phidias; we could see Rome as it was seen by the Caesars. It is true that civilized nations have misused their civilizations; but it is equally true that semi-civilized nations have misused their semi-civilizations; it is just as true that barbarous nations have misused their barbarism. That is to say, civilization brings with it no proof against human nature. In any civilization every man must yet save himself. But civilization does represent in itself always the triumph of human nature, never its defeat, the youth of human nature, never its old age.

The world-war we witness will undoubtedly furnish a new and universal starting-point for human thought in the writing of human history. For the essential meaning of this war, its rock of conflict and struggle, is the underlying belief not in the mortality but in the perpetuity of nations. Out of its death-throes on the ear of mankind breaks the cry that nations should have the right to live and that civilizations should be left free to flourish on and on and on into boundless better times.

The old tradition and the new faith meet in the example and on the soil and in the soul of France. She illustrates as no other nation the meaning of both.

Long before the outbreak of the war, historians of the ancient tradition pointed to France as a dying nation. She was the oldest civilization in Europe. She had for centuries been to the world its foremost military race and the pattern for gallantry and valor together with all that makes civilization a matter of loveliness. But she was shrinking more and more within her boundaries, thinning in her homesteads, passing into the dusk of her historic day. The Clock of Time which had struck for Babylon and Nineveh, for Tyre and Sidon, for Crete and Alexandria and Troy and Athens and Rome, for our own Mexico and Peru, was about to strike for her: she would be imperishable only to gratitude and to memory. Such was the commonplace of the world's talk—France, a decadent race, a vanishing civilization, a great star burning out.

The war broke over her and now the eyes of the world are on her not as a nation dying but being murdered. Fighting with a valor and fortitude and resourcefulness of which she herself could alone furnish from her lustrous ages the measure and the parallel, setting the high mark of battle for every other nation, she shows to the world that if her historic hour is striking, it is not struck on the Clock of Time but on the clock of Germany.

If the end of the war finds her defeated—then indeed the rest of the world may be summoned to the spectacle of a modern nation in its death. They will witness indeed the glory of a star going out. Not self-extinguished but extinguished by the power whose proclaimed mission is to put out one by one far or near the native lights of the world. Perish she may, reconciled she will never be. In her own way—and she would not be the first to do this—she would doubtless make her unconquerable quietus from the human scene.

If Germany defeats England, then the rest of the world will be called upon to witness the beginning of the decline of the British Empire; and they may read once more the words of Lord Macaulay.

If Germany defeats the United States—and it may be taken for granted that in this war the United States will fight to exhaustion—then the rest of the world may be called upon to witness the loss by this nation of its leadership and its entrance upon the downward road.

It is the hour of the life and death of nations—not under the subjection of any vast and mysterious law of the universe that nations are born and must die—but in subjection to the law of battle between the weaker and the stronger. Woe to the weaker nations in this war!

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THE ARRIVAL OF THE WOUNDED

"It was painful to see them limping through the entrance gates, woe-begone, decrepit, and out of condition, their once glossy coats caked with mud and blood and disfigured and torn with ugly wounds"

Help for the Horses!

The Work of the Blue Cross which Cares for Wounded Horses in the Same Way that the Red Cross Does for Men—A Long Needed Service Now Fully Recognized

By Charles W. Forward

THE sufferings of horses in warfare have touched the public conscience to an increasing extent during the past two decades. The development of high explosives and the increased range and destructive powers of modern arms have rendered warfare more terrible than was ever dreamed of at the time of the Crimean War, though, unfortunately for the horse, he has not yet been eliminated as a factor in military campaigns. Some idea of the sufferings of transport horses and mules in the Crimean War may be formed from the fact that, of 2,329 that were landed during the first six months, 200 were destroyed and 689 died from sickness due to exposure, fatigue, and shortage of food.

Some seventeen years later, on the 1st of September, 1870, the French army at Sedan surrendered to the Prussians. The sorrows and hardships they had endured were clearly seen in the forsaken camp. The buildings were mostly destroyed, the gardens and plantations swept away, fences and hedges had vanished. Of vegetation there was not a trace left. The starving horses had gnawed off everything, even the bark of trees. Many of these animals were in a piteous condition between the houses and the walls, motionless, awaiting death by hunger; broken down, some sat on their haunches, and many had sunk down in harness by the carts.

The South African War in 1899 aroused public interest in the question of horses in war-

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fare, and a movement was initiated for securing the merciful destruction of badly wounded horses who would otherwise suffer a lingering death from starvation or exposure. On January 23, 1900, a meeting was held at the Westminster Palace Hotel, London, with Mr. Butcher, K. C., M. P., in the chair, and the following resolution was passed:

That the Great Powers who have given their adhesion to the Geneva Convention be most respectfully approached and asked to consider the desirability of an international agreement extending to those on the battlefield engaged in mitigating or terminating the sufferings of wounded animals the same protection as is now accorded by the Geneva Convention to those who succour wounded men.

The South African campaign involved unspeakable suffering upon the horses. In the first four months of the war, according to the London *Echo*, no fewer than 7,000 horses were lost. In January 1901, in the *Times* it was stated that 200,000 horses and ponies were furnished as remounts, that the selection was made without reflection as to their suitability for such conditions as climate and service, that hundreds of animals purchased by the remount agents were found to be totally unfitted for the work they were called upon to perform, and that something like 50 per cent. were too light to carry the required weight and were more fitted for harness work! The shipment of remounts furnished as great a scandal as the want of veterinary organization at the front. Horses were crowded into ships with insufficient preparation for a long voyage, and, in many cases, their feet were never attended to from the day they were purchased until they were delivered at the front and the exigencies of war imposed terrible sufferings upon the horses that survived the journey.

There were many such cases in the 1899-1901 campaign and, as a knowledge of the heart-rending details filtered through, lovers of horses asked the question: "Why is there no Red Cross for the horses as well as for the men?"

In 1912 yet another era of animal suffering arising from warfare began and harrowing descriptions of abandoned and starving horses —the derelicts of the Balkan War—found their way into the British press. Arrangements were made for a Red Cross contingent to be sent to the succour of the horses in the Balkan States, but the War Office vetoed the proposal on the ground that the persons engaged in the work would not come under the protection of the Red Cross.

The Blue Cross Fund was then started and a small committee of active workers, called together by Mr. Arthur J. Coke, Secretary of Our Dumb Friends' League, had the satisfaction of cabling several hundred pounds to Lady Lowther, wife of the British Ambassador at Constantinople, to be used in relieving the suffering horses.

ORGANIZATION FOR THIS WAR

In August, 1914, the Blue Cross Committee met and decided to issue an appeal on behalf of the horses in the war which had just commenced. They were fortunate in securing the sympathy and active help of Lady Smith-Dorrien, who accepted the presidency of the Fund and has since taken an active part in the work of the Committee. The British War Office was approached with an offer of assistance, but press of other matters prevented results.

An offer to the French authorities was accepted by them and the present writer, who, at that time, was chairman of the Blue Cross Committee, had the satisfaction of seeing the first of the Blue Cross Hospitals at work at Serqueux three months after the outbreak of war. Further hospitals were opened in due course at Moret, Provin, Troyes, and Ste. Mammes.

The difficulties incidental to the organization of the Blue Cross in France were no slight ones, material and labor being scarce, and not a few essentials being practically unprocurable in that country. By degrees these difficulties were overcome, and for a long time past the work has been carried on in such a way as to excite admiration.

The quarters allotted to the Blue Cross by the French authorities have been adapted to the special requirements; an essential feature being the provision of ample light and air, the value of which cannot be overestimated as curative agents. The floors are constructed with a view to facilitating cleanliness and hygiene, and are plentifully covered with litter which is renewed twice each day.

A good supply of excellent drinking water has been arranged for in each case, and forage, including oats, is supplied in mangers of stone or hardwood so placed that each horse can feed in its natural position. Careful

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MAN'S STAUNCH ALLY

Although relief for the wounded horses had been undertaken in previous wars, the Blue Cross Society, founded shortly before the outbreak of the present war, takes care of the horses on a scale heretofore unknown

grooming—an all-important element of successful treatment—is systematically carried out, and gentleness in the handling of sick and wounded horses is enjoined, with the result that the comfort of the animals treated is insured, whilst the best conditions for rapid recovery are also maintained.

Adjoining the hospitals are spacious meadows and pasture lands, enabling the convalescent horses to make rapid progress under ideal natural conditions.

With the exception of Ste. Mammes, the organization of each depot is on an uniform plan, and includes a large hospital with a surgery and pharmacy room, wherein are grouped all the injured horses requiring serious operations and constant medical care; a second hospital devoted exclusively to sick or debilitated horses; and an isolation establishment for infectious cases. Infected horses are carefully isolated, but thanks to the care taken by the French Army Veterinary Service, mange is almost the only disorder of this kind that has to be dealt with.

La Croix Bleue has become an effective branch of the French Army, the sick and wounded horses being passed on by the military authorities to the Blue Cross hospitals and re-transferred when the process of cure is complete.

A VARIETY OF PATIENTS

Every variety of sick and injured horses has been dealt with in the hospitals. Horses suffering from overstrain, from improper or insufficient feeding, saddle-galls, climatic influences, wounds from shell-fire, shrapnel, or bullets, etc., have been carefully tended and skilfully treated, with the result that marked improvement has taken place in many cases within a few days of their arrival at the dépôt.

It is as inspiring a sight to watch these poor creatures galloping playfully round a paddock in the sunshine as it was painful to see them a week or ten days previously limping through the entrance gates, woe-begone, decrepit and out of condition, their once glossy coats caked with mud and blood and disfigured and torn with ugly wounds.

The Right Honorable, the Earl of Lonsdale,

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president of Our Dumb Friends' League, is a member of the Blue Cross Committee, and has, from the first, taken an active interest in its work besides giving generous financial support. Lord Lonsdale's knowledge of horses and their needs is exceptionally wide, and the Committee waited with expectancy the result of a visit he made to France in 1915. The following letter to the, then, chairman of the Fund constitutes a valuable testimony from a specially competent critic.

Carlton House Terrace,
Pall Mall, S. W.
Feb. 7, 1915

MY DEAR MR. FORWARD:

I have just returned from a tour of all the hospitals and remount bases, which, owing to the kindness of the authorities, I had the pleasure of visiting.

I visited Blue Cross Hospitals, and I heard all the French authorities had to say on the subject. All are delighted—but no one so highly delighted as myself at the beautiful way in which the Blue Cross Hospitals are run. The cleanliness, the care of the animals and the work of every employee is an object lesson to those devoted to animals. I looked at every detail—medicaments, instruments, corn, hay, straw, and, in fact, everything connected with the welfare of the animals, and I have no hesitation in saying that no human effort could improve on such kind and valuable aid which is being devoted to the horses. I only hope that after these remarks the public will realize what is really being done by the Blue Cross.

I admit that amongst millions of horses the Blue Cross can only be responsible for hundreds, but those that are lucky enough to come under the care of the Blue Cross in France are lucky animals!

Yours very truly,

LONSDALE.

NO REQUESTS REFUSED

From the commencement of the war to the present time 2,000 separate units have been assisted, repeated help being given in many instances, and some have received regular weekly, fortnightly, or monthly supplies. No request for anything required for the horses has ever been refused.

One of the most popular items has been the "Blue Cross Veterinary Chests." These contain a selected supply of instruments, bandages, and drugs such as are most frequently needed in giving relief to sick and wounded horses

THE OPERATING "TABLE"

The hospitals of the Blue Cross are carefully equipped with ample light and air—the value of which as curative agents cannot be overestimated. Adjoining the hospitals are spacious meadows and pastures for the convalescents

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THROWING A HORSE PREPARATORY TO OPERATING

Every variety of sick and injured horse has been dealt with in the hospitals, and many horses which, in former years, would have been left to their fate, have been cured in but a few weeks' time

far removed from the base or field-dressing stations. Other gifts include: portable forges, clipping machines, chaff cutters, poultice boots, pocket veterinary cases, waterproof rugs, canvas water troughs, and fomenting pails; in addition to hundreds of bandages, wither pads, ointments, drugs, etc. Files of grateful letters at Westminster bear testimony to this branch of the work. The various Army officers who have written are not sparing in their praise of the alacrity with which the Blue Cross Committee has responded to their appeals and of the prompt relief accorded to the suffering horses as a result.

A letter from the Right Honorable, the Earl of Granard drew the attention of the Blue Cross Committee to the need of a motor ambulance for wounded horses at Saloniki An ambulance was immediately put in hand at a cost of nearly $5,000 and accommodation for two injured horses, sleeping berths for two men and a store of forage. In recognition of a generous donation from the Earl of Lonsdale, it was named "The Lonsdale" Ambulance, and was inspected, prior to being despatched, by His Majesty, the King, at Buckingham Palace and by Her Majesty Queen Alexandra at Marlborough House.

During the spring of 1915, Mr. Leonard Hawksley, the Honorable Secretary of the Rome Society for the Protection of Animals, foreseeing the possibility of Italy becoming involved in the war, communicated with the Blue Cross Committee with reference to the formation of a similar organization in Italy, and, at the request of the Committee, the writer proceeded to Rome and *La Societa della Croce Azura* was formed, the British Committee contributing the sum of 25,000 lire, and a subsequent donation of 6,250 lire.

In the summer of 1917 the Committee were approached through the medium of the Director-General of the Blue Cross work in France, M. Maurice Froment, with a view to their undertaking the care of the dogs serving with the French Army when sick or injured Immediate instructions were issued for the establishment of kennels in connection with the Blue Cross Hospitals, and the soldier's two willing friends and helpers, the horse and the dog, are now assured of the best of care and skill when most in need of it

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THE HOLY WAR

For here lay the excellent wisdom of him that built Mansoul, that the walls could never be broken down nor hurt by the most mighty adverse potentate unless the townsmen gave consent thereto.
—*Bunyan's Holy War.*

A tinker out of Bedford,
A vagrant oft in quod,
A private under Fairfax,
A minister of God,
Two hundred years and thirty
Ere Armageddon came
His single hand portrayed it,
And Bunyan was his name.

He mapped, for those who follow,
The world in which we are—
"This famous town of Mansoul"
That takes the Holy War.
Her true and traitor people,
The gates along her wall,
From Eye Gate unto Feel Gate,
John Bunyan showed them all.

All enemy divisions,
Recruits of every class,
And highly-screened positions
For flame or poison-gas;
The craft that we call modern,
The crimes that we call new,
John Bunyan had 'em typed and filed
In Sixteen Eighty-two.

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Likewise the Lords of Looseness
That mock at faith and works;
The Perseverance-Doubters,
The Present-Comfort Shirks;
And brittle intellectuals
That crack beneath a strain,
John Bunyan met that helpful set
In Charles the Second's reign.

Emmanuel's vanguard dying
For right and not for rights;
My Lord Apollyon lying
To the Stall-fed Stockholmites;
The Pope, the swithering Neutrals,
The Kaiser and his Gott—
Their rôles, their goals, their naked souls —
He knew and drew the lot!

Now he hath left his quarters,
In Bunhill Fields to lie,
The wisdom that he taught us
Is proven prophecy:
One watch-word through our armies,
One answer from our lands:—
"No dealings with Diabolus
As long as Mansoul stands!"

A pedlar from a bovel,
The lowest of the low,
The Father of the Novel,
Salvation's first Defoe,
Eight blinded generations
Ere Armageddon came,
He showed us how to meet it,
And Bunyan was his name!

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Harbingers of Cheer

The Artists' Aid of Chicago Conveys the Season's Greetings from a Grateful Nation to Her Sons Overseas

By Grace Heron

WHEN the Artists' Aid, which is the artists' section of the Chicago Chapter and Central Division, offered to produce Christmas post cards to go to our American boys in France, and when the National Headquarters at Washington promptly accepted the offer—not for the suggested one hundred thousand, but for half a million—we began to feel just a little like the rash princess who promised a turquoise colored flower to the seer who read her riddle. For the routine work of supplying the local departments with their placards, lettering and so forth had been keeping the artists' aid very busy. Furthermore Washington had said, in agreeing to transport these cards, that they should like to have them practically right away. So we drew a couple of long breaths, grasped a telephone, a typewriter and a telegraph blank, and set to work.

BEFORE

The requirements for our designs were not as simple as one might think. These cards were to be shipped in bulk across the water, and distributed over there to the American soldiers, they must therefore be cheerful, careful in sentiment, non-sectional, and yet cordial and sincere. On the address side of the finished post card is printed;

This little card is a warm and friendly greeting to you from your own people. You in turn may write your name and a message below and send it back to some one in your home town.

The Red Cross agreed to collect these postals again after they had been written upon, and ship them back to some American port, from which point they would be handled by the United States mail to individual addresses. So each card must not only be suitable as a greeting to the boy at the front, but must also be the sort of thing he would like to send back to his mother, his father, or his sweetheart.

AFTER

But our hopeful efforts were quickly rewarded. Indeed, so generous were the artists in responding to our need that we were put to an opposite difficulty in choosing from their offerings. And before going farther I want to say this; our time of operation was so short that we could not even approach many of our members and friends for the designs they could and would have furnished upon proper notice. Also—some of those turned in but not used were unquestionably as good in many ways as those we did use—but we were confining ourselves to six kinds for reasons of economy, and to two-color printing for the same reason, so we chose the ones that promised the best results on that basis.

Louis Raemaekers's was the first of the six to come in—forerun by a telegram.

"You give me no details," he said "but I am sending a drawing anyway, by special delivery. Glad to help! Good luck to the plan!"

Considering that Louis Raemaekers is one of the busiest men in the world just now, we chalked up an extra special to his credit.

His card was without a title—but the meaning of the clean-cut picture is so plain that naming it was easy.

Theresa Garrett, who did the French card—"Que l'ocean est petit entre des amis!" ("What's a little ocean between friends!") was a most enthusiastic contributor.

"I just wanted to hearten them up a bit," said Miss Garrett; "I could fancy them sitting there in the trench, cold and home-sick, looking like this," —here she drew a rapid sketch on one corner of an envelope (Before); "and I wanted so very, very much to make a few of them look like this!"—and she made a few more brief passes on the other side of the envelope (After).

Ralph Fletcher Seymour, the artist-publisher who decorated the "Simple Message" card,

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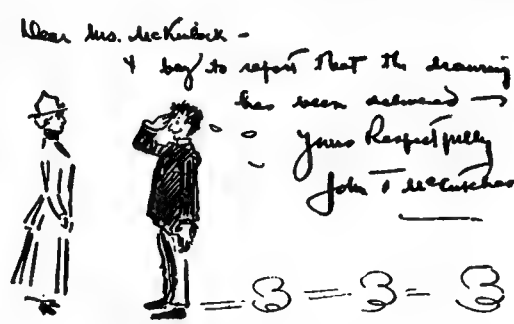
says he was trying to make it stand for the plain old-fashioned Christmas eve,—precious possession to all of us—and perhaps doubly precious to those far away who hold it this year only in vivid memory. The success of his effort is obvious—but we almost lost sight of his artistic contribution in view of the fact that it was he who handled through his own office the business of producing these five hundred thousand cards. He secured the estimates of manufacturing cost, placed the orders, corrected the proofs, and delivered the cards boxed and metal-banded for trans-Atlantic shipment. And he did all this not only without profit, but at a considerable expense of time and effort on the part of his office force, during his own busiest season—for he gave the Red Cross work precedence over his own at every point, in order that we might consign the cards on November first according to agreement.

John McCutcheon's characteristic drawing came in on scheduled time, and we hailed it with joy—chiefly, I think, because it was funny. Acceptable humor is a gift worth giving these sober days.



I called on Mr. McCutcheon last week and asked him what he had to say about it himself.

"The Editor of the RED CROSS MAGAZINE," I reminded him, "would like to know the attitude of the several artists who did these cards . . . Did you have an attitude?"

"Must I produce one on the spur of the moment like this?" said he

"You must," said I.

"Wel-l-l," he suggested, "—the picture itself would naturally be my attitude—or ought to be . . . You understand that, of course! You're some sort of an artist yourself, aren't you?"

"Far be it," said I.

"Then," said he, "why are you holding down a job in the artists' section?"

"Oh, that!" said I, "because the main part of this job is to sit behind a telephone and prod the rest of you, gently but firmly."

"Um-m-m-m, I've noticed it," said Mr. McCutcheon with dignity—"and there's another good little prodder in your shop too I sent her a message the day I delivered the drawing."

Whereupon we shook hands with a cordial grin.

Laura Brey, who did the design on the Christmas tree card, and who recently won a five hundred dollar prize for a war poster, is a quiet young person with an earnest purpose.

"You see," she explained frankly, "I am of German parentage, and my kinsmen are most of them in Germany yet. Or they were, rather. They are dead now. But I myself am an American! You understand? An American! And I propose to do my full share as a loyal American citizen Moreover, I count it a privilege to be allowed to prove that I am that kind of a citizen! Count on me for anything I can do."

Constance Early, who signed only her initials to the airplane drawing, is a quiet little person, also, with an engaging smile;

"My idea in making the post card," she said, "was just to send a Christmas greeting, as happy a greeting as possible, to the boys off there fighting for us. You know," she added, forgetting to smile, "someone very dear to me is wearing khaki now He came in to say goodbye while I was working on that card. You know yourself that it's impossible to put into a post card what we'd like to tell those boys,—but I'm hoping they will be able to feel the push of love behind the print!"

In these wistful phrases, I think she spoke for all of us! Our idea was very simple indeed. We wanted to send a word of Christmas cheer to our boys in France; and we wanted to make it possible for every one of them to send a Christmas message to some one dear to him back home. This postal way seemed to be the most practical, economical and suitable one.

Some of these homes are big and some are little—they lie north, south, east, and west—but they are united to-day as never before by the spirit of common sacrifice,—and every one of them has a lighted lamp in the window awaiting a certain victorious homecoming.

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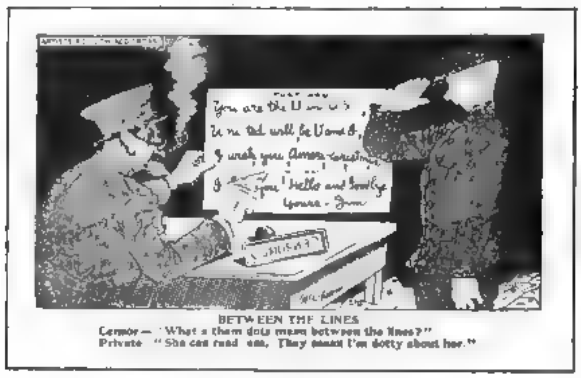
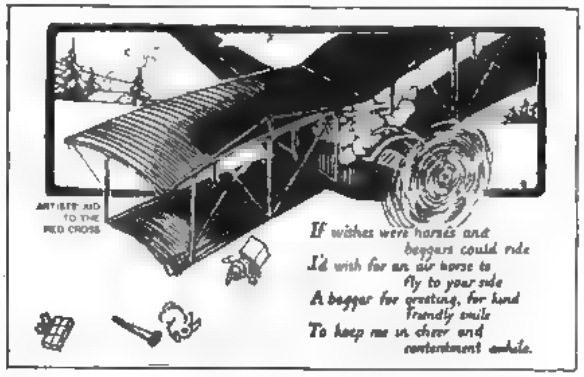
When these five hundred thousand cards come back to America, and go traveling to their many destinations all over the land, we hope they are going to mean a moment of joy to five hundred thousand hearts. For in every American household that has sent out a man to arms there is likely to be some one, at least, who is waiting.




ARTISTS' AID TO THE RED CROSS
If wishes were horses and beggars could ride
I'd wish for an air horse to fly to your side
A beggar for greeting, for kind friendly smile
To keep me in cheer and contentment awhile.

If all the wishes ever wished.
And all the puddings ever dished.
And all the Christmas trees that grow
Were printed in the space below,
They could not say to you to-day
One half of what I want to say!
So here's a thought to our next meeting
And meanwhile, here's my
CHRISTMAS GREETING
ARTISTS' AID TO THE RED CROSS

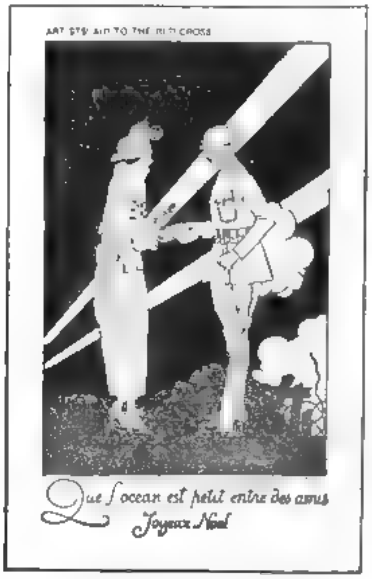
I want this simple message
To reach you Christmas day
When friends bespeak each other
In the good old-fashioned way:
And this is just the substance
Of the message that I send.-
The thought of you is playing
On the heart-strings of a friend.

COMPLIMENTS

OF

THE

SEASON!



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For the Relief of Halifax

As Soon as News of the Disaster to the Northern City Was Received, the American Red Cross Organized Measures for Relief and Rushed Surgeons and Nurses as Well as Supplies to Halifax

AT NINE o'clock on the morning of Thursday the 6th of December, the French munitions ship, *Mont Blanc*, loaded with three thousand tons of T. N. T. (trinitrotoluol), the most destructive of known explosives, blew up in Halifax Harbor after a collision with the Belgian Relief steamer, *Imo*.

The greater part of North Halifax was destroyed, the zone of destruction in Halifax itself extending from the North Street Railway station as far north as Africville, to Bedford Basin, and covering an area of about two square miles in that section known as Richmond. Simultaneously the ruins of the buildings burst into flame in hundreds of different places, trapping many people. The exact number of dead can never be known, but a conservative estimate sets the fatalities at well over 1,500 and the injured and destitute as many more.

To aid the injured and destitute men, women, and children in the stricken city, special Red Cross relief trains left Boston and New York on the morning of the 7th, under orders from Red Cross Headquarters in Washington. A representative of the Department of Military Relief was in Halifax at the time of the disaster, and it was due to his alertness that the American Red Cross was enabled to coöperate so promptly. The Director General of Military Relief, Mr. Jesse Jones, authorized immediately the shipment of large quantities of blankets, surgical dressings, and

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SEARCHING THE RUINS

Despite a severe blizzard which followed in the wake of the disaster, relief measures were promptly undertaken. The Red Cross rushed relief trains with surgeons and nurses as well as supplies to Halifax

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clothing from the warehouse of the Red Cross Supply Service in New York City. A special train was started from that city at noon the following day. The entire equipment of one base hospital unit was loaded upon another train at Boston and sent forward on Friday, accompained by a large personnel of doctors and nurses.

On Thursday afternoon, the Director-General of Civilian Relief, W. Frank Persons, appointed John F. Moors as Chairman of the American Red Cross Emergency Relief Committee. Mr. Moors has been Chairman of the Red Cross Committees in charge of relief work following the fires at Salem and at Chelsea, Massachusetts. With him, as Secretary of the Committee to Halifax, went C. C. Carstens and other highly trained social workers. Mr. Moors and his Committee left Boston at nine o'clock Thursday night, December 6th reaching Halifax early the following Saturday morning, before either of the special Red Cross trains of supplies, which were delayed by the blizzard, had arrived. On Friday, an additional Red Cross supply train was chartered in Providence by the Red Cross Chapter and started for Halifax at noon, carrying sixty doctors, sixty nurses and large quantities of hospital and medical supplies.

The whole personnel sent forward by the Red Cross, including doctors, nurses and social workers, numbered about two hundred, all of whom were en route by noon Friday.

On the following day the Red Cross sent an additional 25,000 blankets from Boston, by boat, and on Sunday night ordered sent from Maine, five carloads of window glass, two carloads of which had been assembled in Augusta, two in Bangor and one in Gardiner, through the enterprise of the Governor of Maine, who had earlier consigned to the Red Cross at Halifax four carloads of building material and 10,000 blankets.

There is an instance of the resourcefulness of the Red Cross that may be mentioned; when, in answer to an inquiry which had been sent by the Director-General of Civilian Relief on Saturday, a telegram was received at eight-thirty o'clock Sunday night, asking for pneumonia serum for four or five hundred patients, it was possible to arrange by telephone within a few hours for the shipment, by the first express train out of New York City, all of the available supply.

A special Red Cross train left Boston on the night of Friday, the seventh, carrying Dr. William E. Ladd and twenty-four other doctors, including two highly skilled obstetricians and sixty-eight nurses and eight orderlies.

On a special train, chartered by the Providence Chapter, Rathbone Gardner, Chairman, leaving Providence on the morning of Saturday, the 8th, there were fifty-five surgeons from Providence and seven other surgeons from near by points, and sixty nurses. On this same train were ten orthopedic surgeons and two medical social workers from Boston. The doctors and the nurses from Providence were a part of the personnel of the Red Cross Naval Base Hospital organized at Providence.

The special Red Cross train, flying the Red Cross flag, and marked "Relief for Halifax" left New York at one P.M. on the 7th. This train was chartered and loaded by the officers of the Atlantic Division of the American Red Cross, under the direction of Ethan Allen, Division Manager. Captain Boyd, of the United States Army, was in charge for the Red Cross, accompanied by a complete staff. The train carried 500 cots, 5,000 socks, 3,000 bed socks, 10,000 sweaters, 100 cases of clothing for infants, children, men and women, underwear, etc., garments, 10,000 blankets, 20 cases of disinfectants, 20 cases of bandages, 60 cases of surgical supplies, and a carload of carefully selected foodstuffs.

A special Red Cross train, chartered and loaded by the New England Division of the American Red Cross, left Boston the same morning containing full equipment for an entire base hospital, of 500 beds, with complete personnel.

At 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, the New England Division of the Red Cross sent, from Boston, 25,000 blankets by boat, the expectation being that this consignment would reach Halifax more speedily by water than it could by rail. The same boat carried a considerable quantity of glass and putty, consigned by the Public Safety Committee in Massachusetts to its representative in Halifax, and also carried twenty-five skilled glaziers.

The American Red Cross, on the 8th, sent from New York, 1,000 pounds of ether, by express; $5,000 worth of shoes for women and children, including some boots for men, and $3,000 worth of rubbers for women and children.

So but a few days after the disaster adequate American Red Cross Relief workers, supplies, etc., had arrived, and were aiding stricken Halifax.

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THE RUINS AT HALIFAX

Following a collision between the French munition ship *Mont Blanc* and the Belgian Relief steamer *Imo* (seen stranded on the opposite shore) came an explosion which laid waste the greater part of the city and killed more than 1,500 persons

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THEY tell me this here war we'er in is to make women an' chil'run an' boys an' men free eve'ywhere. Who more obligated to go then than these here colored boys?"

Loyalty

By George Madden Martin

Author of "Emmy Lou, Her Book and Heart," and "Emmy Lou's Road to Grace"

Illustrated by PAUL MEYLAN

IT WAS the morning of June 5, 1917, the day of the draft. The young men of the neighborhood, white and black, were coming in to the village on foot, on bicycle, in wagon and motor-car, to register. The day and the occasion alike were solemn. The church-bells had rung the call over the fields and the countryside. I, whose forbears had given lives and fortunes to war, had gone home profoundly moved.

There came a tap at my door and Malviney Burnley came in. An elderly colored woman retired from service and living in her own home in its acre of ground, the long years of her active life had been passed in my father's household, in my brother's, and in my own. A refined and gentle-mannered mulatto, still pretty, though with a grizzle of gray through her hair, she breathed a quiet capability.

She had emerged from youth into womanhood as I came into adolescence to be sure, but considering that she had served me and mine for the best years of her life, I did suppose that I knew her. So trim, so quiet, so conservatively the faithful servitor, I was to learn that not at all did I know the inner heart of my Malviney, nor yet the vantage-ground from which she of necessity took her point of view.

She seemed troubled this morning and a little uncertain. Her shapely brown hands wandered along the handles of the basket in which she had brought me some eggs.

"Sit down, Mallie, get your breath and tell me all about it," I suggested, a mutual discussion of domestic affairs on both sides being the understood thing on these visits.

"I saw the boys comin' in to put their names down, an' the young men," she said, 'boys' meaning her own race, 'young men' meaning mine.

"Yes," I answered, "it drove me home in tears."

She looked at me with a certain furtive searching at this, or so I fancied, then looked away. Her hands travelled the handles of the basket now sitting on her knees and back again.

"You should be proud, Mallie, Burnley," I told her with smiling severity, "Scott has been in the army since the war with Spain, and Ephraim, after enlisting for Mexico, has gone again."

Scott is a brother, Ephraim is her only son.

In her quiet way, for her voice is always controlled, she broke forth. "It's to-day, Miss Louise, to-day has brought things back, though I can't say why. It's bes' not to remember an' I don't, but seems like them boys an' young men comin' in along the lanes and the roads this mawnin' brought things back."

The brown hands still slipping along the hickory handles were trembling.

"How can I know what you mean, Mallie? Put your basket down and take off your hat—you must have had a warm walk—and tell me exactly what it is?"

"How kin I tell you exact when I don't know it thet way myse'f? It's a bit here, an' a bit there. I couldn't put it together when it happened any more than I kin put it together now. It's them boys and young men trompin' in to put their names down brought it to me this way."

"War is a terrible thing, Malviney," I said, out of my own thoughts rather than with any connection with hers.

"You've said it, Miss Louise, you've said it." Her voice had sunk with her emotion and this was spoken in little more than an intense whisper. "Don't I know, don't I know my own se'f?"

"You never spoke about the war in your childhood before, Mallie; tell me now?"

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"I wrung her hands and pressed them to me between my own. I laid my head against her shoulder in its fresh purple calico"

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"I don't know ef I kin make you un'erstand, seems like I don't un'erstand myse'f." Her hands had dropped in her lap now, and her eyes, faithful eyes of hazel they were, fixed on the fields of blue-grass and the hills beyond, visible through the open window, took on the look of the somnambulist's. What were those eyes seeing, what recalling, that her lips trained to a life-time of silence, and her tongue schooled to restraint and reticence, did not know how to tell me?

WHEN THE WAR CAME HOME

"I don't know thet I kin make you see it like I see it, Miss Louise. There wuz seven of us thet mawnin' standin' on the top of the meader-hill next to the house-yard, Marster's sister's four chil'run, li'l girls they wuz, visitin' at the house, an' us three. I wuz eight, Frances, my sister, wuz six, an' li'l Scott, who's been in the cavalry sence the Cuban war, wuz three. Marster's place wuz near Cleesburg, twenty miles from Adair, heah in Kentucky, yes ma'am. I don't know when it wuz, the thing I'm goin' to tell you about, nor how long the war had been goin' on. We chil'run lived in the cabin with our Mammy an' never went off the place an' so fur as I kin ricollect, I never had heerd of the word war, or knowed there wuz one. Or so it seems to me now. We wuz standin' on the top of thet hill, yes'm, the house bein' off in a clump of locust trees to the side of it, an' Marster's store, he kep' the country store, on the pike in front of it.

"Standin' there, the seven of us, off up the pike round the bend, we saw men pourin', an' men, an' men, an' behind them more men, coming an' double-quick at thet I know they were now, but I didn't know the word then. An' turnin' because we wuz frightened an' didn't know whether to run or not, we seen men comin' the other way, down the pike an' through Marster's fields an' over the fences an' cross the ford at the big branch an' out of the bresh-thicket, an' more an' more men. Both ways they wuz comin', double-quick, an' we on the top of the hill between 'em. An' then——

"I've al'ays said to myse'f it wuz like fire-crackers un'er a barrel, what begun then, but somehow we seemed to know what it meant. Scott an' one of Marster's sister's littlest ones kept fallin' ez we run an' we'd have to stop an' drag 'em up. Ez we got to the yard about the house, the white folks' house I mean, not the cabin, the dawgs wuz ahead of us, yelpin' an' runnin'. Marster kept hounds, an' we follered 'em, we colored chil'run, follered 'em un'er the house which at the back wuz set up on posts count of the slope of the hill, with steps goin' up to the gallery an' the kitchen overhead. The white chil'run mus' have gone round to the front an' been took in the house, I don't know. I an' Frances an' Scott ain't never seen them four li'l girls from thet day to this, nor knowed whut become of them. Un'er the house where we went crawlin' after the dawgs, whimperin' an' shiverin' worser than we were, wuz a box restin' on its bottom on the ground. We scurried right to thet box, we an' the hounds too, the poppin' thet wuz like fire-crackers goin' on ev'ey minute of the time outside, an' we scrouged close to it, chil'run an' dawgs. We knowed whut wuz in thet box, all on us, Marster wuz in it.

"Tolliver wuz Marster's name, Eli Tolliver. Miss Sally wuz his wife's name. The house an' the store and the farm wuz hers by her first husband. Marster didn't own nothin' ceptin' through her. He hed warnin' time an' agin they'd git him yet, an' we chil'run knowed about the hole cut in the dining-room floor an' the box from the store let down un'er it, an' the floor made to lie back over it an' the oil-cloth to go over thet. Marster wuz in thet box, an' we an' the dawgs scrouged close to it 'cause we knowed he wuz there."

"Who wanted your master? Who had threatened to get him, Malviney?"

"I don't know, I never did know."

"Which side was he on, the Union or the Confederacy?"

"I don't know thet, I don't know nothin' but jes what I'm tellin' you. I got it somehow; Mammy must have said so. Marster wuz both, one time to one side and 'nother time to the y'other side."

"That makes it clear, quite, and also the type of the man. Such creatures do exist. Go on with the story, Malviney."

"We scrouged there close against the box, me and Frances an' li'l Scott, big enough to know he mustn't cry out loud, an' he an' the hounds whimperin' soft. Noon-time come, an' af'ernoon come, an' the poppin' never ceasin'. Then by an' by it come quiet an' Marster spoke to us through the box. He told us it wuz evenin', an' we could go out now, but not to say a word to anybody where he wuz.

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"We crept out, an' the hounds with us, still trimblin' an' bellyin' along the ground, you know how a hound cringes. We crept out, oh, Miss Louise——

"Yes'm. I ain't never forgot a thing of it. The sun wuz gone down an' the sky wuz a glory, the fields an' the yard an' the air full of the glory from the sky too. An' eve'ywhere wuz men, daid, though we didn't know what it meant then, in the yard, up the hill, out in the barn-lot, eve'ywhere we could see, face down, or face up, or arms flung out, men daid eve'ywhere about the place. We run to the back steps to git up to the gallery and the kitchen. But the kitchen gallery wuz full of men too, laid in rows, some daid an' some groanin'. We run round to the front gallery to git in at the front door, an' the front gallery wuz full of men too, laid in rows, some daid an' some groanin'. An' then the door opened an' Miss Sally's sister, Miss Emma, who lived with us, reached out an' snatched us in."

MAMMY'S DEPARTURE

"Where was your own Mammy all this while, Malviney?"

"We didn't know then, but we knowed afterward. Mammy wuz in the air-space upstairs between the ceilin' an' the roof where they pushed her. Ef the so'jers had have found her on the place so we knowed af'erward, they'd have told her to go free."

"And then?"

"Thet's all to thet. I don't know how long it wuz to the next thing that has stayed in my mind. Mebbe it wuz only days, mebbe it wuz weeks, mebbe months, I don't know. I woke up at night down in the cabin. I slept with Frances in the trun'le-bed what pulled out from under the bedstead, an' li'l Scott he slept in the bedstead with Mammy. But Mammy wuz up, an' the cabin wuz full of so'jers, colored so'jers. The back-log on the hearth broke an' the flames started up showin' the peppers an' the oker an' the dried apples and the sassafras sticks Mammy hed hangin' from the beams. Then I saw the so'jer whut was talkin' to Mammy wuz our Uncle Scott, Mammy's brother. He belonged to Marster Pres Buckner, the other side of Adair, good people Mammy al'ays said to us our Uncle Scott's white people wuz.

"'Git your clothes, Fanny,' he wuz sayin' 'you'se goin' with us.'

"'I can't seem to git my consent to go, Scott,' Mammy wuz sayin' back, 'I can't an' leave the chil'run.'

"'Top's waitin' for you at Adair,' Uncle Scott told her. 'You come now an' we'll git the chil'run next time. They ain't goin' to hurt the chil'run.'

"Top wuz our Pappy, Topham Bixby. He wuz a free man, an' he hed been tryin', ever sence he married our Mammy, to buy her from Miss Sally who owned her.

"Mammy got her things together at thet, after he said our Pappy wuz waitin' for her. Then she saw me settin' up in the trun'le-bed and Frances settin' up by me.

"'Ef you say a word they'll come an' git Mammy,' she came to us an' told us. Our Uncle Scott nodded to this an' so did the y'other so'jers. 'They'll git Mammy.'

"We knowed what Mammy meant, we knowed we didn't belong to Uncle Scott's kind of white people.

"'Mammy's goin' this time,' our Mammy wuz goin' on sayin' to us, 'an' next time Uncle Scott 'll come an' git you. Ef you 'low you know a thing about it, they'll git Mammy an' bring her back an' you know what they'll do to her.'

"The next thing the cabin wuz empty, an' the next thing it wuz day. We waited, Frances an' me, li'l Scott still asleep, holdin' to each other, 'fraid to go up to the house, 'fraid to stay tell they come an' found out. We heerd them callin' Mammy to come on an' git bre'kfus', an' then we heerd them comin' to find her. Miss Emma come first an' Miss Sally come 'long in a min'it behind her. They wuz tall women, or it seems so to me now, rememberin', but Miss Emma, for all she hed a red mark on her cheek like you laid your open hand on it, wasn't the hard one thet her sister wuz.

"'Where's Fanny?'

"'Where's your mother?'

"We didn't know. Li'l colored chil'run learned young them days.

"'Anybody been here to see her lately?'

"We didn't know.

"'Why, her clothes is gone,' Miss Sally wuz pryin' around, 'did you see your mother gitten' her clothes together?'

"Mammy hed put eve'ything she hed, it couldn't have been much, in a ol' gunny-sack. But when Miss Sally ask us we hadn't seen nothin'.

"I don't know how long after thet comes the

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"Un'er the house when we went crawlin' after the dogs wuz a box. We scurried right to that"

next thing in my mind, which is Free Melindy, ez she wuz called, in the kitchen. They got her in Mammy's place an' us chil'run, not Miss Sally, paid for it. Yes'm'. Miss Sally, she'd tell Free Melindy, an' Melindy she'd th'ow a piece of fat meat out on the wood-pile, an' Frances an' li'l Scott an' me, we'd fling ourselves on it an' fight for it. We wuz hawngry day an' night, an' locked in the cabin at sundown so we didn't have a chance to forage for nothin'. Under our tow slips, an' Scott's tow shirt, which wuz the onliest clothes we wore, we wuz all of us a pa'cel of bones.

"The big rain-water barrel what stood under the kitchen-gallery, come empty. Reckon it wuz a dry spell. One mawnin' when Melindy come down to the cabin to let us out at sun-up, she hed two buckets.

"'You fotch water from the cave an' pour it in the barr'l tell I say you can quit,' she said to Frances an' me.

"Up the hill an' down the y'other side an' cross the branch wuz the cave. Back where the roof begun to git low wuz the big spring what never run dry. We fotch water thet day tell we drap, an' the next day an' the next.

"Thet last day, ez I got to the barr'l I set my bucket down an' slunk 'round the house an' from bush to bush, an' then run lickety-split down the path to the store an' in to Marster Eli. I don't know how I dare. Not so much on account of bein' skeered of him, for we knowed Marster Eli would like to be our friend ef he could, but on account of bein' so skeered of Miss Sally ef she found out I done it.

"I ain't goin' to pack no more water from the cave for Free Melindy," I told Marster Eli.

"'What's that?'

"'There's some'n' calls outer the woods an' then we hear the bresh snappin' an' breakin' an' we can't run fast enough 'count of the buckets bein' heavy with the water.'

"'I'll go back with you now,' said Marster Eli, 'go get Frances and the buckets and come along.'

"The three of us went up the hill an' down the y'other side an' cross the branch an' into the cave. Comin' out with the buckets there come the call agin, long an' mo'rnful an' th'eatenin', an' then the bresh snappin' an' the bushes breakin'.

"'Panther-cat,' said Marster Eli. 'You go on up to the house, I'll get my gun and come back again.'

"Then Frances and me, we knowed. It wuz our Pappy. He us't for to call jest so to our Mammy an' she'd go out in the night an' meet him. Follerin' along af'er Marster Eli up the hill, we looked at each other skeered.

"'Mammy said never to tell,' said Frances to me

"'Our Pappy, he's smart,' I agreed, 'he'll be gone afore Marster Eli gets back.'

"Reachin' the house-gate we met Marster Eli comin' back with the gun.

"We never heerd our Pappy callin' no more after thet, an' thet night they took us up to the house to sleep. Reckon it wus because Miss Sally knowed we weren't hers no longer, even ef we didn't know it, thet she done us ez she did. The hounds, the leanest things on

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y'earth, an' worser war-times, wus fat ez 'possums in 'simmon-season to what we wuz. The weather come winter an' our bare heels bust right open with the cold.

EMANCIPATED AT LAST

"We wuz pickin' up chips at the wood-pile in the snow one day to carry in to Melindy, when we seen a ox-cart and two oxen stoppin', an' a man gittin' down an' openin' the pike-gate. The cart an' the oxen come on up to the house an' round to the back. An' in the cart wuz our Uncle Scott an' a white man in gray an' a so'jer in a blue overcoat with capes an' a gun.

"They come to git us. The man in gray wuz Mr. Pres Buckner what hed owned our Uncle Scott, come with him to see there wuzn't no trouble gittin' us. Miss Sally an' Miss Emma come out, an' Free Melindy, an' Marster Eli come up from the store. I ain't never un'erstood it an' I reckon I ain't never goin' to. Soon ez they begun to talk about a bureau, Miss Sally an' Marster Eli give right up. What you reckon a bureau hed to do with it?"

"The Freedmen's Bureau, Mallie?"

"Mebbe 'twuz, though I don't know what thet is any more than the other.

"'Take 'em an' get off the place," said Marster Eli.

"'Take 'em an' good riddance,' said Miss Emma.

"'Take her an' take them,' said Miss Sally pushing me toward the men who had caught up Frances and Scott and put them in the cart, 'an' git off my place with 'em too.'

"When we come to Mammy——

"When was that?"

"I don't know.'

"Where was it?"

"I don't know thet either. We went past Adair an' on through Glasgow, I know thet. Afterward we an' our Uncle Scott come on to Louisville with Marster Pres Buckner an' Miss Helen, his wife, an' they helped Mammy git us raised."

"Well?"

"When we come to Mammy she come to the door of the cabin. 'Where Topham, Scott?' she ask our uncle. She meant our Pappy.

"'He got to Cleesburg last summer when he went after the chil'run, Fanny, we found thet out,' said our uncle. 'He hung around there for a time tryin' to git speech with 'em. Then nobody ain't seen nor heerd tell of him sence.'

"An' nobody ain't seen nor heerd tell of him ever 'ceptin' what me an' Frances knowed to tell. But Marster Eli he thought it wuz a panther-cat when he took his gun an' went into thet thicket, when he fired into thet bresh he thought it wuz a panther-cat. Frances an' me knowed thet."

Malviney Burnley, elderly colored woman, trig, comely, capable, the light frost presaging age touching her head, stood up. "Well, Miss Louise, I must be gettin' 'long toward home."

I arose also and going to her seized her hands. They had laundered the garments of my girlhood, they had cooked my wedding-breakfast, they had ministered to my adult years, they had laid out my dead.

"And all this is part with you, Malviney, part and substance with you, and I, taking so much for granted, so much for granted, have never dreamed it."

I wrung her hands and pressed them to me between my own, I laid my head against her shoulder in its fresh purple calico, her shoulder where my head had rested before, but always for its own comforting, and cried.

"Nobody knows but me," she said. "Frances is dead an' Scott wuz too little to remember. He's in the army, an' Eph's there now, too. My girl is married to a good man and her two boys does well at the school. I think of them daid laid in rows on Miss Sally's porch, but I know they ain't there now. I think of what I been tellin' you an' I know it ain't so now. Heah's how it is, heah's how it is nowadays. Scott's in the cavalry, Eph's in the army. For ev'ey white young man comin' in to put his name down this mawnin' there wuz a colored boy comin' 'long in too. Some of 'em looked scared, some of 'em looked proud."

She drew herself up, this Malviney Burnley, and her eyes and her mien threw me their proud challenge.

"They tell me this here war we're in, this war Scott an' Eph have gone to, is to make women an' chil'run an' boys an' men free eve'ywhere. Who more obligated for to go then than these here colored boys?"

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Battling with the

All Day Long, with Never a Pause—Not Knits Cheerfully and Continuously so May Lack Comforts to Protect

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Even at Lunch!

In the Store When Trade is Dull

In the Elevator Between Purchases

None Too Young!

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Knitting Needles

Even for Meals—a Great Army of Women that None of Our Boys on Land or Sea Them from the Rigors of Winter

Underwood & Underwood

At the Typewriter Between Letters

In the Dressing Room of the Hippodrome

At the Theatre

On the Street. Watch Your Stitch!

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The Story Behind the Specifications

By Francis R. Bellamy

"The two representatives of the Woman's Bureau have returned to Washington with the complete reports of the Paris Committees on standardization of garments."—RED CROSS BULLETIN.

THERE is an old story of a flinty hearted monster of iniquity who could authorize a thousand deaths outside his castle walls without the slightest compunction. But one day his pet dog died, and his bitter tears revealed the fact that he was not really a monster at all, but merely a dullard cursed with a total lack of imagination. He never saw the people he condemned to die.

The story is particularly applicable in these days of war.

Alfred Noyes says of rulers that—

"The blood of a peasant is not red
a hundred miles away—"

And the same thing is true of us. Our imagination fails every time we wonder why it is necessary for hospital sheets to be only a certain size; why refugee and hospital garments are only acceptable when made after a certain pattern; why the Red Cross demands change endlessly from one kind of thing to another. We who complain and criticize and ask whys and wherefores are dullards within our own castle walls. We have no imaginations.

Take hospital and refugee garments for instance, a quotation on which heads this article.

Last July, the women of this country were producing garments and supplies without any definite plan, often without knowing what was most needed at the moment, sometimes unaware of the best method of doing the work. What the correct patterns were, indeed, was more often than not a matter of dispute, of personal ideas and experience. Experienced people in the Red Cross and out of it were occasionally at variance. Standardization was badly needed—and criticism in order.

To-day, however, standardization is accomplished, and with a definite reason for every detail. The Red Cross supply obeys demand as instantly as the demand follows the changing necessities of war. But the questions the Red Cross receives show that many people do not yet realize why it was done or how or when.

WHY does the Red Cross insist upon supplies being made absolutely according to specifications?" is a question we are continually being asked.

Well, because—but read the answer for yourself

Let us go behind the scenes for a moment.

Last July a French Line steamer bound for Bordeaux sailed from New York harbor with about a hundred American ambulance men and, among others, two American women on board. Tucked away in their handbags were passports and introductions to the Red Cross Commission to France.

Any one who listened to their endless discussions at night, when the canvas covering made the deck as dark as a pocket, would have realized that the two women in the steamer chairs, one with a "never-sink" life preserver handy, were on a mission of the first importance. Their remarks turned always on one thing—how could all the information in the entire western war zones concerning hospital and refugee garments be collected, verified, and classified?

The two were Miss Elizabeth Hoyt and Miss Martha Draper of New York City, sent on this errand by the Red Cross because of their wide acquaintance with the surgeons and relief heads in France, and they were endeavoring in the intervals of ship life in the submarine zone to lay out their plan of campaign. They had divided France into zones and districts, and had mapped out a plan of campaign that would cover every important hospital and refugee camp. There only remained, indeed, the details—details which could not be settled until Paris was reached and the situation fully understood. The fact that there are literally hundreds of such hospitals and camps in France gives us some idea of their under-

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taking. Only the necessary ones should be visited.

A VISIT TO THE WAR ZONES

Two weeks in Paris, indeed, with the very efficient assistance that Major Murphy and his staff were able to give, and we find them ready to start on their arduous round, with a most comprehensive plan. Back of every question on their list, whether to dressmakers, trained nurses, or surgeons; whether on the subject of practical models or buttons or material—back of them all was to be one insistent query—why?

They were going to bring back to America no demands which they did not understand in full. And along with the recording of every answer to their questions was to go a record of their impression of the ability and personality of the particular nurse or surgeon. Upon the whole accumulation of their trip two committees of experienced war workers were to pass, and from the consensus of opinion the final models for garments were to emerge. Decidedly a thoroughly reliable set of garment patterns!

Their letters give us a good glimpse of them at work.

"August 10, Paris.

"We are visiting the distributing bureaus and supply stations now, before going to the provinces. Our questions have resolved themselves finally and we are entering the answers in loose leaved notebooks which we have had typed for the purpose. We have resolved there shall be no loose ends to this investigation.

"We went to-day to the American Ambulance at Neuilly, and I hope to be able to forget the sights we saw, some day, but I am doubtful. The photographs of the shot away faces that were sent to New York last winter were mild, I assure you. In some of them only the eyes are recognizable, and the expression in them is too awful. The women who work in hospitals these days are saints of the first order. I cannot see how any one can have her feelings torn constantly like that and not go crazy."

They had about finished their work in Paris then, and had formed a committee of four to pass on the standardization of the hospital garments and were ready to visit the other French hospitals, as their next letter shows.

"We go to Rouen the end of this week to see the hospitals there, and confer about supplies. Apparently we are going to have two forms of almost everything as the French want one thing and our people another. Refugee garments are going to be a slower progress as our sources of information are scattered; and I don't know if we will ever be able to impress upon the people at home the importance of using good strong material. The things won't last at all, if we don't. Some things we have been sending are shocking—they fall to pieces under the treatment here in no time at all, and are hardly worth the time and labor—certainly not the transportation."

Conditions in France were beginning to come home to them by that time. A tremendous coal shortage; hot water available in most villages only twice a week; a greater part of the laundry work done in icy streams; labor almost unobtainable; and the changing conditions of war making new demands daily on the Red Cross.

They had found the Red Cross warehouse in Paris alone receiving on an average of two hundred tons of supplies daily, and managing at that moment to distribute one hundred and seventy-five of them, struggling desperately to hold its own until standardization could come to its rescue. They had realized that the people actually in the field would have to be the commanding officers of this branch of the work; would have to report almost daily the changing demands so that the great army of workers in America could swing methodically from one thing to another—and always with fixed standards to work by. There was no time in France to sort odd sizes, odd garments, odd bundles, to divide things for civilian and hospital relief—and there should be no necessity. Standardization should accomplish all that in America before the things left the country.

The impression was heightened on their trip to Rouen. Another letter, written the day they returned from there, shows, too, the actual conditions under which these supplies are used as well as a glimpse of the nurses in the hospitals, where the things go.

"The nurses are living in tents without heat or water winter and summer, and spend their days and nights slopping about in all weathers. I think the days of white wash uniforms for trained nurses are over—at these places anyway. They ought to be dressed like a sailor going on an arctic cruise. Our hospitals are only a drop in the bucket.

"We ourselves are spending our time now travelling about from one hospital to another getting a clear idea of every kind of horror in addition to our information. We have completed the standardization of the garments for the French hospitals now, and are almost ready to report on the American ones. Then we shall get at the refugee situation."

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A week later, they were still hard at work in the hospitals which have been loaned to the British to care for their wounded.

They were nearing the end of their task by that time, nevertheless—and were beginning to realize the impossibility of ever telling the distant Woman's Bureau in Washington all they had seen and experienced. The models were beginning to settle themselves—but how ugly the women at home would consider these garments, these colors which it was apparent would be the choice! How difficult it would be to tell them all the conditions that led to such things! Would they ever believe for instance that these things might be ugly but the French do not consider them so? That the materials might be dreary in color but that no French refugee will wear anything different while France is at war? Would they ever remember that it took such a short time to make a garment—while its French recipient would have to wear it for years? That the materials must be unbelievably tough and warm for use in the flimsy wooden huts or heatless tents to which the wounded soldiers are taken? And, finally, that the United States must concentrate on the straight necessities—while the Red Cross workrooms in France took care of the specialties?

There would be a tremendous work ahead of the Red Cross once this standardization was accomplished—the work of telling its millions of members the reasons why of all these things!

Miss Hoyt and Miss Draper had little time for speculating on how that would be done just then however. They were on their way to still other hospitals. What an endless place of horror, of war, of suffering, of hospitals this land of France was! America, comfortable, easy, not yet awake, could never realize all this through mere words!

These are the conditions which are back of the precise, dry directions of the American Red Cross.

War!

Read a last excerpt from Miss Hoyt's letters:

"The villages near the fronts are simply beyond belief; the ones that were built of stone are ruins, but those that were built of brick are little more than heaps of powdered red dust.' And through all the utter desolation the little gardens are still blooming and wherever there is a bit of wall left standing a Gloire de Dijon rose blooms."

This is the France we in the Red Cross are trying to help—the France our own boys are fighting in and dying in to-day. And we are trying to do it here in America, three thousand miles away, without the experiences Miss Hoyt and Miss Draper had to awaken our imaginations, to spur us on to daily effort.

It is no wonder we do not yet realize everything connected with it—that we have not quite forgotten all our tiny doubts and questions, that we have not yet turned all our thoughts toward the attainment of our one common end.

But we will go far toward our goal if we will use our imaginations. There is no emotion or imagination in the precise directions we must use—with their plain titles of infants layettes, hospital and refugee garments and supplies—ARC 405, 407, 408 and 409. They are as they should be, indeed—simply directions, and patterns which can be gotten from local chapters.

But back of them, back of their lists of garments and needs are not only this trip of Miss Hoyt and Miss Draper, and the decisions of Parisian committees, but all the bitter moments of cold, of icy mud, of heat-drenched agony beneath the winter and summer stars of three years of war. There are considerations of shipping space, of course—a package of bandages takes up incredibly little room in the hold of a ship and every inch of cargo space must be packed tight with standardized supplies in standard size and bulk so that there is no fatal lack at a critical moment in some field hospital in France. And there are all the considerations of warehouse room and distribution, as well.

But, practically speaking, it is the human needs of thousand of soldiers and sailors, of refugees and children that speaks through this standardization. Hospitals and refugee camps in France itself direct all the changes, all the orders for different kinds of garments and supplies which go out from Washington now—as if the voices of the wounded and homeless spoke to us straight from France across the sea.

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"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

A Story of Saving For Victory

By John K. Barnes

WHEN James Curtis got out of the car at his door, after a short day's work at the shipbuilding plant, little Marjorie was watching for him and came running up.

"Daddy," she greeted him, "I want to earn some money to give to the Government. I want to help win the war. Teacher says if we save money we can help, and can save lives too. Tell me daddy, what can I do to earn the money?"

"Did the teacher put all that into your head, Marjorie?"

"Yes, some Secretary sent a paper to her. He wants us all to help like the boys and girls did in the Revolution. We can't load guns and fight like they did, but he says we can help just the same. I've got the paper in the house for you to read to me again. It tells of some ways that boys and girls can earn money, but most of them are for boys and I don't know anything I can do since we got Mary to do all the work. I wish we did not have Mary; then I could help mother.

"Well, Marjorie, I will read the paper after dinner and then we will see about it. You run and play now."

At the table that night, Marjorie told again about her big purpose to help win the war. Her mother's statement that a little girl like her could not do much only increased her enthusiasm.

"But, mother, think, if every little girl and boy in the United States earns money and gives it to the Government, that would help a whole lot.

"Well Marjorie, that's a long speech for you. I guess your father will give you some money to help the Government. How about the money we give you for candy and the money in your bank upstairs?"

"I had thought of that. I was going to buy Christmas presents for you and Daddy, and Grama and Uncle Fred with the money in my bank. Uncle Fred is fighting for us and I think I ought to send him some tobacco he likes so much and says it costs so much more in France, and then he cannot get the kind he likes. And Grama is so old that I think I ought to send her something as I have every year; but you and Daddy I know will understand and not feel bad if I give the rest to the Government. I am going to give my spending money, too. But I want to earn some more each week so that I can buy stamps and fill up a Thrift Card and soon start putting the big stamps on a War-Savings Certificate. The teacher said maybe our fathers and mothers would start buying the big stamps to put on War-Savings Certificates of their own. I think you ought to do it; but I want to buy my own stamps with my own money so that I will be doing, all by myself, my share to help the Government.

"You can do that daughter, if you want to so much; and no doubt if you can do it, your mother and I can help the Government too. Let's all go and read that paper now."

So Jim Curtis read aloud the appeal which Secretary McAdoo had issued to "Young America," calling upon them to help their Government in its time of need, as the boys and girls of '76 had helped in the Revolution. The lesson, the Secretary said is "thrift-saving to the point of sacrifice—self denial of everything unnecessary."

When Marjorie's father pointed out to her that the money she was going to save was not to be given to the Government, but only loaned—that the Government would buy back from her in January, 1923, the War-Saving Stamps which she would get now in exchange for sixteen 25 cent Thrift Stamps and a few cents more, and pay her $5.00 then for each one of them—she was a bit disappointed. But her father, on whom had suddenly dawned the real meaning of this war saving campaign, because he knew the difficulty they had in getting labor and materials in the shipyards,

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explained to her that it was not just money the Government needed to buy food and clothing and guns for the soldiers, but first it had to find food and cloth that it could buy, and steel for the guns and for the ships which were needed to carry the food and clothing and guns to France. Then it had to find men to make the uniforms, manufacture the guns and build the ships. He told her that when she ate candy, she used up sugar that might otherwise be sent to Uncle Fred in France; that when she bought a new coat instead of wearing out her old one she was taking cloth that might be used for the soldiers; that she was asking people to work for her, making candy and coats, who might be working for the Government by helping to build ships like her father was.

"Don't you see Marjorie," said her father, "by saving your money to send to the Government you are also saving the things that the Government wants to buy. That is what the Government really wants you to do. It is willing to give you back your money, five years from now, and pay you interest because you have saved for it some of the food and cloth and other things which it needs so much at present, and because you do not ask people to do unnecessary work for you when the Government needs the work of all the people it can get. You really give to the Government much more than the money you save, don't you see?"

Mr. and Mrs. James Curtis then faced each other with a new consciousness—a new view point regarding their duty in connection with the war. Their method of living since he got his present position at the ship-building plant at much higher pay gave them little more satisfaction to think about. They had certainly had a good time. They both realized now, however, that they could no longer go on that way, not as long as the war lasted at least. They did not realize that this was the beginning of a sane and wholesome life for them and that they were hereafter to be better and broader people and better citizens.

They turned their attention to deciding ways for Marjorie to earn her quarters. The printed list supplied them with one—she could clean the silver twice a month. Then mother remembered that she always had to make her own bed when she was a girl. They would pay Marjorie twenty-five cents a week for doing that and keeping her room in order and clean. Her father agreed to give her a regular "spending allowance" of twenty-five cents a week besides. She might also earn something helping to take care of neighbors' babies after school and on Saturdays.

Then Mrs. Curtis went to the kitchen to tell Mary of the help she was to have. She found Mary knitting socks. She did not have to explain about the Government war-savings plan; Mary seemed to know all about it.

"Yes, Mrs. Curtis, I read the papers and I have been waiting for the Government to put these stamps on sale. I wanted to buy a Liberty Bond, but you know I have to help my sister with her three children, and a dollar a week is a good bit for me. I am glad Marjorie wants to help her Government. You can tell her all the time she saves me I will spend knitting for the soldiers.

"But why did you want to buy Liberty Bonds, Mary?"

"Well you see Mrs. Curtis when the war started I had $1,800 in a savings bank in Poland. When the Germans came they broke open the bank and took all the money. The bank cannot pay me. Now if I buy Liberty Bonds or put my money in these new War-Savings Stamps, then everybody in the United States will owe it to me, and if the Germans come here and steal the money from the banks I will get my money back just the same."

The introduction of thrift into the front of the Curtis house dated from that night. Marjorie's enthusiasm spread to the others, and she often pointed the way for her mother and father. They were surprised to find that last year's clothes would do for another season. Hats could easily be retrimmed at home. The dark corners of the attic brought forth many things that had been forgotten. They found they did not care for the trips to the city for supper and the theatre, not when they had to measure them in War-Savings Stamps. Jim walked two miles to and from his work and saved the price of two Thrift Stamps each day. They all got up earlier anyway, so that Marjorie could have time to make her bed before school. Marjorie learned to knit and she soon had a pair of wristlets for Uncle Fred. Her father sent them with a letter to his brother. In due time the reply came back: "I am glad you see this thing right. God bless Marjorie."

And so contentment came to the Curtises.

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Way Down North in Cape Breton

Instead of the Old Time Husking Bees of Our Forefathers, the Good Folk of Cape Breton Aid the Red Cross by Holding Milling Frolics at which the Homespun for the Men at the Front is Made Soft and Pliable by Hand amid Much Laughter and Gayety

By Walter Archer Frost

A FRIEND in my room the other night, in these days of Liberty Loans, laughed as he read in my *Victoria News* a little item like this:

"Red Cross Contributions.

The Baddeck Red Cross Auxiliary acknowledges with thanks the following contribution:
Milling Frolic at North River, $28.61.

KATHLEEN S. BALDWIN,
Secretary, Baddeck Auxiliary."

My friend laughed because he didn't know anything about North River. He had never been down North off the railroad in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, Canada. Even if he had gone down there and looked for this town, he might not have found it. He would have found a placid river, banked with the cleanest foliage he had ever seen; he would have had a glimpse of the North Atlantic, sea gulls flying low and a bald headed eagle circling high above; he would have seen a wharf, a quarry gashing the hillside, a beautiful farming country, in the distance a trim little farmhouse, and a general store; but he might easily have missed the town. I have been in it half a dozen times myself, yet have never seen it.

But there is a town there; boys from it are going over the top in Flanders, Canadian boys of the Highland Brigade which early went overseas; and the North River mothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts for nearly four years have been making the warmest and most durable socks, sweaters, wristlets, etc., for these boys of theirs. The wool comes from the sheep that graze on the spruce-clad reaches of North River's rugged hills. That $28.61 which North River raised for the Red Cross at that Milling Frolic was only a mite of what they've done. There are miles on miles of sea and spruce between them and the railroad, but they work indefatigably for the Red Cross.

North River turns in her finished products to the Baddeck Auxiliary eighteen miles from North River. Baddeck is the nearest big town, with seven hundred inhabitants. To get from Baddeck to North River, you sail or drive.

Now a Milling Frolic is held for three purposes: To raise money for the Red Cross, to mill, and to frolic. Like the husking bees of our thrifty New England ancestors, the milling frolic gathers together the many hands under the guise of hospitality.

The homespun that is woven on hand looms in the long winters from sheeps' wool, is cut, washed, carded, spun, and dyed by hand. But after the cloth is woven it is very loose in texture, and it must be softened or "seasoned," and thickened, before it is ready for use.

In less primitive districts this cloth is sent away to a mill for the finishing; but that is too expensive a proceeding for these careful and simple minded people to whom time is no object, and so they mill it by hand. "The day is lang," they tell you, "you'll get plenty done."

So when some woman has woven a length of cloth, she sends word to her neighbors, whose farms are scattered here and there along the country road, or high upon the bracken, that there will be a milling frolic at her house on a certain evening.

I had the privilege of going to one of these milling frolics, given for the Red Cross. When I arrived the kitchen was already full of eager, jostling, young men, girls with clear, healthy color, in woollen skirts and white waists bought at a local store or through a mail order catalogue from a department store two thousand miles away, weather beaten old men, "hulks of old sailors run aground," smoking strong pipes, and old women in full skirts and frilly white caps.

The room was baking hot. There was a roaring fire in a wood stove, and small kerosene

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lamps stood high on the shelves where the dishes were, to be well out of the way. The old men and women sat in the corners, gossiping and joking. A long, low table of heavy planks divided the kitchen, and the lusty young men and girls sat round it.

When they were ready to begin, the bolt of heavy, gray homespun was ducked in a tub of soapy water near by, then wrung out and flung on the long plank table, looking like a huge, gray boa constrictor stretching down one side of the table and up the other. Every hand seized it, and then the milling and the singing began.

To describe Gaelic singing is impossible: they have no written music; one singer chants a line at a time, the others repeating it with variations, in chorus. They sing in the quarter tones which can be reproduced only by strings —never on a piano or an organ. The men and women sing the same part but in different pitches; there is no harmony; and to Gaelic love songs, of invariable tragic story, the milling is done.

As they sang that night the wet cloth was pushed forcibly round the table with a double movement; each pair of hands on it moved it forward and back several times, slapped it hard on the boards, rubbed it, and then slid it along to the right. The rhythmic swing back and forth, keeping time to the eerie singing, the perspiration pouring down the sun-browned faces and the smashing thuds of the tortured cloth, made a vivid picture.

When the first lot of "millers" was exhausted, a fresh lot took their places. Young men sat next to their sweethearts and much courting was openly carried on and added zest to the hard work.

When the cloth got too dry from the heat of friction and that of the room, it was dipped and wrung out again, and so on until it was wonderfully soft and pliable. Then it was considered finished. After that the tables were cleared away and the master fiddler of the neighborhood, a young blacksmith, tucked his fiddle under his chin and lovingly played more strains of Gaelic music, to which the others danced strenuous Highland dances—all square you may be certain! After this a plate was passed and the collection thus taken up was given to the Red Cross.

Supper ended with steaming cups of strong tea, a few final, wild Gaelic songs, and then the young men saw the girls home, and if the moon were high, probably went the longest way.

Another popular means of raising money for the Red Cross is a "basket social": baskets of sandwiches, pies, cakes, doughnuts and candy, are auctioned off to the guests by one of the young men of the party. Each man tries to buy the basket his girl had made, and often there is a difference of opinion on the identity of the basket, keen competition resulting. Baskets sold for from one to five dollars and, in the case of one or two extremely pretty girls, brought as much as eight dollars. A small bag of candy, which one of these beauties was supposed to have made, was literally fought for. There is nothing negative about the Cape Bretoner: he likes what he likes, and he wants what he wants when he wants it.

Husbands bid high for their wives' baskets, and the lover with the plain sweetheart proved his devotion by bidding high for her basket. After all the baskets had been auctioned off, the food was laid out from them and all the guests had supper. Every cent of the money raised at the basket auctions and all collections taken at milling frolics goes to the Red Cross.

Ever since August, 1914, quiet little weekly Red Cross Sewing meetings have been held in the Court-room of the Court House in Baddeck. This is no fashionable gathering of

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people who drop in to work a little, talk a great deal, and have tea: most of these women are busy and tired; many have large families. They sew patiently and carefully, now on flannel shirts, now on hospital shirts, or on pajamas, this depending on the latest request from Headquarters. They are all doing it now because almost every one has some dear one "over there."

Sometimes a letter will be read from "my boy at———," telling how the French laughed at the bare knees and kilted skirts of his regiment; his mother will say, with great pride, that her husband says the Prussians call the Scotch Highlanders "the ladies from hell," and adds that Roderick was always a born fighter.

The sweet faced woman at the sewing machine is mourning for her boy, killed in St. Julian; but she doesn't wear black; she doesn't think it patriotic. "If we did, you see," she explains gently, "it would be so hard for the boys who are getting ready to go overseas."

Often to this little Red Cross band, already taxed to the uttermost of its giving-power, a letter is read saying, "One of our boys" from the next county, "is a prisoner in Saxony, and we shall be able to help feed him if we can raise just a little more every week." A vote is taken and some how or other the extra money is raised.

If you ask the tall woman in the corner, whose hair is older than her years, how her boy is getting on, she will tell you cheerfully that he has his glass eye in now, and that it is wonderful to see how he is learning to use his new arm. "Why, he says, 'Just watch me, mother,' and shows me how he can get the fingers to move." As she tells you, she smiles in a quiet but genuine way, for she is so happy about it.

The first relief ship to reach Belgium sailed from Halifax and was the Nova Scotia Belgian Relief Ship. In the hold of a schooner, frozen in, fixed by ice five feet thick, hard as cement, and seemingly as permanent, I have found patriotism which thrilled me. And on the beach, where it had been dropped by a fishing boat, I have helped a Canadian Red Cross girl open a box of flannel, cut for shirts to be made for Canadian boys in Flanders.

There in the North the winter turns the Bras D'Or into ice on which roads are "bushed" with young spruce trees stuck in the ice, to keep the traveller from losing his way in a blizzard, and over these ice highways women and girls drive miles to Red Cross meetings.

So the work goes on with a devotion and energy which knows no limit or discouragement. No great meetings can be held in communities so small, so unknown, and remote; no great speakers can come; there can be no great occasion. There is need of none.

For the Canadian boys in the trenches know.. The boys who have gone overseas from Victoria County know. The good Cape Breton wool is keeping them warm and well, and it may be that this is one reason why the Canadian arm is so swift, strong, and sure, and the Canadian courage so unflagging.

OVER THERE

By Bertha Bolling

OVER the ocean; under the sky;
Here on the field, I lie.
Somewhere above, are the stars, I know;
Somewhere, the mountains' cooling snow,
And the green corn, growing, row on row.

I look to the sky; but it all shows red—
Dark as the blood that my breast has bled.
I catch at my throat, and gasp, and choke—
There is no air—only stench of smoke,
And wounds that sicken, and drip, and soak.

I look again! There's a gleam of light—
Of something as clean as the snow, and white.
It touches me on my breast, and head—
I think it an angel, with bright wings spread
To bear me to heaven, when I am dead.
I kiss the cross—and the Cross is Red!

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"Lafayette, We are Here!"

NO ONE can go abroad to-day without having seared deep in his brain the fact that nothing in the world really counts except the winning of this war.

We in America are so far removed from it that it is hard for us to appreciate what it really means to our Allies—and what it must mean to us.

Our Allies are not looking to us merely to mobilize our Army and Navy. They are looking to us to do what they have done; to enlist the services of the whole nation.

We do not know any better way to arouse the spirit of this nation than through the American Red Cross. Every man, woman and child who is unable to take an active part can do something to help win the war by helping the Red Cross. No one who has been in France, in Belgium, in Italy, or England, and has seen what the Red Cross is doing, can fail to believe this.

It gives everyone in America an opportunity:

To Help our soldiers and sailors who are fighting our battles for us three thousands miles from home.

To Help England, whose magnificent strength and determination are the most vital factors in this terrific struggle to-day.

To Help Italy, where the recent retreat, made through the section of the country in which many of the important military hospitals were located, has left thousands of wounded men without adequate care and has driven hundreds of thousands of refugees from their homes.

To Help France, on whose territory this war has been fought for more than three years and to whom we owe so much.

The Red Cross gives to every American the chance to join General Pershing in the words he spoke in the midst of our troops, on the Fourth of last July before the tomb of Lafayette, when he saluted and said simply:

"Lafayette, we are here!"

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